

# THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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## Lift Up Your Heads

You say you are so lonely,  
None shares your life's bleak way:  
A song-bird in the hedgerows  
When winter holds grim sway.  
Turn! and see who walks beside you  
With faith-illuminated eyes,  
In raiment fair and shining,  
An angel from the skies.

You say you are abandoned  
Upon your bed of pain:  
A flower that pines for sun-shine  
And morning dews in vain.  
Shut your eyes and lo! the ceiling  
With clouds of glory's bright  
And Mary's tender image  
Gladdens your fevered night.

You say you are so lowly,  
Despised by all you meet:  
A weed by life's drear pathway  
Crushed by unthinking feet.  
Hush! do you not feel the warm breath  
Upon your tear-stained cheek?  
'Tis God, the Poor of Naz'reth  
To your lone heart would speak.

You say you are heart-weary,  
With daily struggles worn:  
A rose seared by the sun-darts,  
Of strength and vigor shorn?  
Look! do you not see that palace  
Cross-crowned in yon by-way?  
A God there waits in silence  
To comfort you each day.

Lift up your heads, ye lowly!  
Life's battles face each day!  
A God attends your struggling,  
And Angels smooth your way.

—Augustine Zeller, C. Ss. R.

## THE FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES

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Intimately connected with the question of the want of priests which is so acutely felt at present in the whole Philippine Archipelago, is the famous question of the Friars in the Philippines. But why recall it now? Did not the world pronounce upon it twenty years ago? An almost world-wide press held up those Friars to the execration and ridicule of all men, and when the world learned from such an unimpeachable source as the daily press that the Friars in the Philippines were immoral, it held up its spotless hands in horror. And when it further heard that in former years the Friars had accepted lands and monies which those who appreciated their work had freely given them, then indeed the beautiful, unpurchasable soul of the world got a rude shock. But the worst was yet to come. The Friars might be immoral and grasping (which of course this world never is) but they were worse—in some respects they were not up to date! One correspondent saw with his own eyes that some of them actually travelled through the Islands with a two days growth of beard upon their chins! Of course men who were guilty of such a grave misdemeanor stand condemned for all time.

Yet people who have lived in the Philippines for years and who realize the Friars' difficulties, and have known how those difficulties were met and overcome, acknowledge that something after all may be said in favor of the Friars. Some people have gone so far as to maintain that no body of men ever did as much for another nation as the Friars did for the Philippines.

Spaniards of course, take pride in their colonization system. When Catholic Spain sent out to colonize, they will tell you, it went out to preserve and improve the native races. When the Spaniards first reached the Philippines the natives numbered only some five hundred thousand: when the Spanish flag was lowered in the Islands in 1898, the natives numbered seven or eight millions. Churches and schools had sprung up all over the land; many Filipinos had graduated at the University of Manila; the vast majority of the people were practical Christians, and all this, although it was only three hundred years before that the first Spanish colony had settled on the Islands. On the other hand, England went out to colonize about the same time, as Spain did, but, as it happened, after she had given up her old faith for the new-fangled thing just then made in Germany: and what did England do

for the native populations of her colonies? Where today is the native population of America, or Australia, or New Zealand, or even Cape Colony! Thus reason the Spaniards.

Englishmen reply that they advance a country more in ten years than the Spaniards do in thirty: and then the question arises, in whose interest is the advance made? or what is meant by advancement? And thus the controversy continues.

The question of the Friars is very closely connected with it, in as much as Spain entrusted a great part of the government of the Philippines to the Friars. "How could it be otherwise?" asks Father Ambrose Coleman, in his book, "The Friars in the Philippines," and he continues: "With lay officials notoriously corrupt, unwilling to exile themselves in these parts remote from civilization, unwilling to condescend to learn the many various dialects in use in the archipelago, no wonder that the missionary, living in the midst of the people to whom he had devoted his life, exercised a sort of parental authority over them. This was done both in the interest of the civil government and of the natives themselves.

#### AN ENGLISH PROTESTANT ON THE WORK OF THE FRIARS.

One of the most notable contributions to the discussion on the work of the Spanish Friars is, strangely enough, from the pen of an English Protestant, Mr. Frederic Sawyer. After many years residence in the Islands Mr. Sawyer wrote as follows: "To sum up the religious orders, they were hardy and adventurous pioneers of Christianity, and in the evangelization of the Philippines, by persuasion and teaching, they did more for christianity and civilization than any other missionaries of modern times. Of undaunted courage they have ever been to the front when calamities threatened their flocks; they have witnessed and recorded some of the most dreadful convulsions of nature, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes and destructive typhoons. In epidemics of plague and cholera they have not been dismayed, nor have they ever in such cases abandoned their flocks. When an enemy has attacked the Islands they have been the first to face the shot. Only fervent faith could have enabled these men to endure the hardships and overcome the dangers that encompassed them. They have done much for education, have founded schools for both sexes, training colleges for teachers, the University of St. Thomas in Manila, and other institutions. Hospitals and asylums attest their charity. They were formely, and even lately, the protectors of the poor against the

rich and of the native against the Spaniard. They have consistently resisted the enslavement of the natives. They restrained the constant inclination of the natives to wander away into the woods and return to primitive savagery by keeping them in the towns, or, as they said, 'Under the bells.'

#### GROUND'S FOR ATTACK.

If all that Mr. Sawyer writes about the Spanish Friars is true, and it would be easy to quote other authorities to the same effect, it will be asked why was such an outcry raised against them twenty years ago? There were many reasons why they were attacked, and it will be useful to recall them here, as these attacks have resulted in the present state of things in the Philippines.

The first reason was that among many excellent men there *were* some black sheep. This need not surprise us. If there was a Judas even among the few chosen by our Savior we need never be surprised at the depth to which human nature will descend. There are some considerations, too, which help one to understand how the ruin of these men came about. It has been stated that a capital mistake was made in sending missionaries to these Islands who were to make their home here for all time, and viewing things in the light of later events there can be little doubt but that the statement is true. Besides, these men were often cut off from communication with their superiors and even with their confreres for many months; travel was difficult; conditions were primitive; observance of rule had probably to be abandoned; constant heat was enervating; and as the years went on, and everything supernatural, especially prayer, became more and more difficult, the wonder is not that some fell away, but that so many struggled heroically, chivalrous sons of Spain that they were, faithful still to their sublime vocation, till they sank into their graves—graves that were often in distant lonely islands of the Archipelago where they knew that their names would soon be forgotten.\*

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\*The following thoughtful passage is from the pen of the first American Superintendent of Education in the Philippines, Mr. Fred Atkinson:

"The effect which climate has upon moral character is a question that should properly be left to those whose interests qualify them to speak with accuracy upon this matter; and yet it is impossible to pass such a subject without mentioning the unfortunate combination of conditions which makes it so easy for persons to become heedless of the restraints which they would be wont to exercise at home, and in their recklessness to go into excesses of different sorts. The distance from home, the climatic influences, the lack of sufficient means of harmless entertainment, the general freedom and easiness of the life,—all tend to encourage a departure from that standard which had hitherto been maintained."



A second reason why the Spanish Friars were so bitterly attacked was that they were supposed to be avaricious men. Here again it is the case of that blackest of lies which is in part a truth. The Friars were given large tracts of land some of which in time became valuable property. This land was let to tenants, and the manner in which the rents were collected was not always wise. Rough, untrained men were sometimes received as lay-brothers by the Spanish orders and to these men was entrusted the care of the Friars' lands, and the difficult task of collecting the rents. Naturally they often failed in tact in their delicate position, and their mistakes were saddled on their orders, thus giving the impression that the Friars were rude and grasping men.

Yet another reason for the attacks made upon the Friars was that they held very many positions in the Spanish Colonial Government,—positions which had been thrust upon them by the home government. They thus stood for Spain, the dominant power, the power that was opposed to the independence of the Philippines. And as the Filipinos became better educated their national consciousness awoke, and they struggled ever more fiercely to realize the aspiration, "the Philippines for the Filipinos." They became in fact what is known in Ireland today as Sinn Feiners. It was most unfortunate for the Spanish Friars that they set themselves against the ever rising tide of this popular movement. In the eyes of the people they stood for tyranny, and when popular heroes, like Dr. José Rizal, were exiled or put to death, the friars, rightly or wrongly were blamed for it. Patriotic societies were formed, which set opposition to the Friars in the forefront of their programs. For instance, the first object of the "Liga Filipina", a society founded by Rizal, was "the expulsion of the Friars and the confiscation of their estates"; and the mysterious (and probably Masonic) society, the *Katipunan*, with its blood contract, was intended, "to redeem the Philippines from its tyrants, the Friars, and to found a communistic republic."

#### SOME RESULTS OF THE OPPOSITION TO THE FRIARS.

Probably no people in the world are more easily led than the Filipinos, and when their leaders turned to attacking the Friars, a fierce opposition to them was soon only too evident in many parts of the Islands. In the last two revolutions against Spain (the second of which, it will be remembered, was interrupted by the arrival of the Americans), many Friars were compelled to fly from their parishes.

Others were made prisoners, and of these, some were very cruelly treated and forty were put to death.\*

At the outbreak of the revolution of 1896 there were over eleven hundred Friars in the Philippines. The number of regular parishes was seven hundred and forty six, but there were in addition, two hundred and twenty-one mission-parishes and the total number of Catholics was calculated as 6,559,998. The vast majority of the parishes were administered by the Dominican, Augustian, Recollect and Franciscan Orders. After the revolution some of the Friars of these orders retired to Manila or Cebu, but about seven hundred of them left the Island and returned to Spain or went to work in China or South America.

When the Philippine Commission was appointed by the American Government to investigate the conditions of the Islands, one of the most knotty problems it had to deal with, was of course, this Friar question. After a long inquiry into the whole affair, and after examining numerous witnesses, the commission published its conclusions. The following are the most striking passages of this really remarkable document:

"The Filipino people love the Catholic Church. The solemnity and grandeur of its ceremonies appeal most strongly to their religious motives, and it may be doubted whether there is any country in the world in which the people have a more profound attachment for their church than this one. . . . The people would gladly receive as ministers of the Roman Catholic Religion any but those who are to them the embodiment of all in the Spanish rule that was hateful . . . We are convinced that a return of the Friars to their parishes will lead to lawless violence and murder . . . The question for the prelates and statesmen is not whether the bitter feeling for the Friars is justified or not, but whether it exists. It does not seem to us, therefore, to aid in reaching a conclusion to point out that all the civilization found in the Philippines is due to the Friars . . . as popular bias or

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\*I have not far to go to seek for proofs of the fierce and sometimes cruel opposition to the Friars. From the room in which I am now writing, a young Augustinian was dragged and cruelly done to death by a band of rebels. Two remarkable facts in regard to the opposition to the Friars deserve to be noted. First, they were never ill-treated by their own parishioners; secondly, the real opposition was against the Dominican, Augustinian, Franciscan, and Recollect Friars. There was practically no opposition to the Jesuits, Vincentians or Benedictines.

prejudice, deep-seated in an ignorant people, is not to be disregarded because it cannot stand the test of reason or evidence."

In 1902 Mr. Taft, who was then Civil Governor of the Philippines, was commissioned by the United States Government to visit Rome in order to settle the Friar Question with the Holy See. Governor Taft proposed that a Commission should be set up to settle the question of the Friars' Lands, and also, to use his own words, "that all the members of the four Religious Orders of Dominicans, Augustinians, Recollects and Franciscans, now in the Islands shall withdraw therefrom after two years." As an alternative to the Commission's proposal the Holy See, through Cardinal Rampolla suggested sending an Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines to arrange matters amicably on the spot, and this suggestion was acted upon. A few months later the Apostolic Delegate, Msgr. Guidi, reached Manila and a contract for the sale of the lands of the four Orders mentioned, was agreed upon.

The Holy See could not accede to the request of the Governor to withdraw all the members of the four Orders from the Philippines. "In effect," wrote Cardinal Rampolla, to Governor Taft, "such a measure would be contrary to the positive rights guaranteed by the treaty of Paris, and consequently would put the Holy See in conflict with Spain.

Such a measure would be the explicit confirmation of all the accusations brought against the said Religious by their enemies, accusations of which the evident exaggeration cannot be disputed. If the American Government, respecting as it does, individual rights, does not dare to interdict the Philippine soil to the Spanish Religious . . . how could the Pope do it? The Holy See, in accord with the diocesan authorities, will not permit the return of the Spanish Religious . . . in the parishes where their presence would provoke trouble."

#### SOME PRESENT DAY CONSEQUENCES OF THE FRIAR QUESTION.

The upshot of the whole difficulty concerning the Spanish Friars is that there is a lamentable want of priests in the Philippines today. As the country is progressing materially it is sad to see the fine churches and conventos built by the Spaniards, in very many places going to rack and ruin. The Friars, of course, had wealth and they had the Spanish Government to support them, but now that there is little wealth, and that all Government support is gone, and, above all, that so many workers are gone, the gradual ruin of churches and the gradual ruin of souls is wide-spread through the land.

All the Spanish bishops have long since been removed from the Philippines. The present hierarchy consists of an Apostolic Delegate, one Archbishop, eight Bishops, and one Prefect Apostolic. Of the bishops, three are American, one is a European, and four are Filipinos. The Archbishop of Manila, Dr. M. J. O'Dougherty, is an Irishman.\*

Probably no bishops in the world have more difficult problems before them than the Bishops of the Philippines. But among all their problems, spiritual, educational, racial and financial, there is none more urgent than how to provide priests for their far-flung Philippine dioceses.

S. O. S.

Young Americans, I venture to repeat to you, in conclusion, the words of Our Savior to his disciples: "Lift up your eyes and see the countries, for they are already ripe to harvest."

And to American young and old, I would recall that other passage of the Gospel which has echoed down the centuries, kindling zeal for the salvation of souls in many a fervent heart: "And Jesus went about all the cities, and towns, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom. And seeing the multitudes, He had compassion on them because they were distressed, and lying like sheep that have no shepherd. Then He saith to His disciples: 'The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest.'"

T. A. MURPHY, C. Ss. R.

Opon, Cebu, Philippine Islands.

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"Don't you know, I believe there is a good deal of truth in Christian Science after all!" Of course there is—just as there is a good deal of truth in Socialism or Spiritualism or Protestantism or Buddhism. Every false system is made up of a good deal of truth jumbled together with a good deal of error. Only there is never any excuse for going over to a false system to get what truth it possesses—that can be gotten from common sense and from the true religion.

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\*His Grace had been Rector of the Irish College of Salamanca and subsequently Bishop of Zamboanga in the Philippines. Less than two years ago, he was appointed to succeed Dr. Harty as Archbishop of Manila. Dr. O'Dougherty's name is sometimes confused with that of Dr. Dougherty. The latter had been Bishop of Jaro, in the Philippines; but like Dr. Harty, he had been recalled to the States. The Archbishop of Manila was born at Charleston, County Mayo, in 1874. He studied at his Diocesan College and at Maynooth.

## TRUE AS STEEL

The Bessemer Department of the Stocton Steel and Iron Company was in full blast. Showers of sparks ascended heavenward from the huge converters and blotted out the stars, as the current of cold air was forced through the masses of molten steel driving out the carbon and telling of toil still undone. In the cupola, great buckets filled with spiegel and the other ingredients that enter into the composition of modern steel, swing to and fro, to be guided by the unerring hands of skilled workmen into the yawning mouths of the seething vessels of glowing metal. In the pulpit watchful workmen guided with practised eye and hand the movements of the vessel entrusted to their care. As they paced this iron-railed platform, their figures were dimly seen in the glow of the vessels as they swung the ponderous levers that controlled the converters and regulated the air hissing through them. In the shadows beneath the vessels, grimy laborers struggled along under the weight of heavy barrows of slag and dross they were wheeling to the cars destined to bear this refuse away. There was an air of tension everywhere and save for the clang of levers and the roar of the heated metal, no sound broke the silence.

Up the iron stair of the pulpit crept a form, grotesque in the fitful shadows. It was the figure of Tom Osborne, Delegate of the Executive Council of Stocton Branch of Amalgamated Iron Workers. The man went up the stair slowly, hesitatingly, as one who is in doubt as to the reception he will receive. At the entrance to the pulpit he paused behind one of the men at the levers. The Delegate waited until Vessel No. 2, of which this man was in charge, had blown her heat and then addressed him.

"Hello, Ed," he said hesitatingly.

"Hello," responded the man addressed, a giant whose tall form and great muscular development were remarkable, even among the brawny forms of his fellow-toilers. "You here again? Didn't I tell you never to come up those stairs while I am here?"

"Yes," responded Osborne slowly, "But you see, Ed, I had to come. The Executive Council held another meeting last night, and they decided you've got to join the Union or quit."

"And if I decide to remain where I am, what then?" asked the workman evidently not much impressed.

"Then," said Osborne heatedly, "you've got to take what's coming

to you. I want you to understand you're no exception, Ed. You've been in these works for two months now and haven't joined the Union. Remember, Ed, I'm a good friend of yours but ——"

"Oh, go easy on the friendship talk, Osborne," interrupted Ed, "You're nobody's friend but your own. And the same holds good for the rest of the gang that's managed to get control of the Union here in Stocton. Now, see here. I told you fellows a month ago that I'm not going to be kicked or driven into any Union that's not recognized by the owners of the works. I'll join the Union when I get good and ready and not till then. Understand?" And Ed responded to a signal from the cupola by giving his lever a tug, that made the vessel jump and caused the man who was signalling for its tilting to swear volubly.

"The Executive Council," continued the imperturbable Delegate, "has forced every other man in this mill to join the Union. You've got to line up with the rest. If you don't ——"

"Yes, if I don't," gritted the workman, "I suppose the gang that's been trying by fair means or foul to get me into the Union or out of the works will be trying some more of their dirty tricks. Well, it won't work. See? Maybe you think them bricks that 'fell' from the roof of the Nine Inch Mill and just missed me fell from the roof by chance? And maybe it was a fellow from Timbuctoo that went to Headquarters and said Big Ed Galvin ought to be bounced? Perhaps, too, the bullet that put poor Tim Larkin on his back in the hospital last Saturday night was fired from the moon and hit the man it was aimed for, when Tim Larkin hasn't an enemy in the world? You see, I know a thing or two even though I didn't get my information from the Executive Council. Now listen to me. You tell that crowd of yours that Big Ed Galvin hasn't got a streak of yellow in him, and if they drive their underhand work much further somebody's going to get hurt and it won't be me. As for you, Tom Osborne, you get out of this pulpit as fast as your legs can carry you. And if you ever show your face up here again, I'll throw you over that rail."

Big Ed's eyes blazed with fury and the Delegate made haste to get out of danger without further words. He descended the stairs precipitately, while Big Ed turned again to his work.

As Galvin swung the levers to and fro viciously, struggling all the while to quell the flaming anger surging within him, he bore a striking resemblance to the steel amid which he toiled. Rugged of build with muscles of iron, his every movement breathed strength and power.

But the strength and power of Big Ed Galvin, unlike that of the products of his trade, had never been used as instruments of injustice to another. Six feet two inches in height and every inch a man, Big Ed had withal a heart as true and tender as a woman's. He had come to Stocton some two months before from a distant center of the steel industry. He was a good workman and steady as a clock. Hence he had risen rapidly to one of the most responsible positions a steel worker can hold. Yet his rise had caused no jealousy among the majority of his fellow-workmen, for Big Ed, as they had named him from his Herculean form, was ready and obliging, willing to do a good turn for every man. His opposition to the Executive Council had not affected his standing either with employers or men. The former valued his services too highly to pay any heed to the murmurs of a Union they did not recognize, whilst the latter were secretly glad to see the Council defeated for once. So Big Ed Galvin had fought his lone fight with the Council until affairs had reached the crisis which has just been witnessed in the pulpit.

The others in the pulpit had seen the encounter between Ed and the Delegate, but could not hear what had passed. They were eager to learn the outcome of the affair, as they surmised its import. Yet Big Ed was far too wise to admit of any questioning before his rage had cooled. But when the shifts were changing in the morning his comrades sought to satisfy their curiosity.

"Say, Ed," inquired his neighbor on Vessel No. 3, "what was up between you and Osborne last night?"

"Oh, nothing much," answered Big Ed, nonchalantly reaching for his coat preparatory to departure.

"But we heard words. And both of you were hot," insisted another. "Come, tell us what's up. Something about the Union?"

"Yep," responded Big Ed shortly, turning to go.

"Let's in on it," persisted his inquisitor.

"Well, blame it, if you must know," answered Ed, a little impatiently, "the dirty work of the Council got on my nerves. Osborne came here with the old story of join the Union or quit. And when I remembered all the dirty work that's been pulled on me lately, I lost my head. So I told Osborne to tell the Council to go to blazes and threatened to pitch him over the rail, if he ever came into the pulpit again."

"Whew," ejaculated Carrol, the man from Vessel 3, "that's straight



enough. Good for you, Ed. I admire your spunk." And he slapped the broad back of the workman admiringly.

"You can back on every decent man in the Union to stand by you," said Ben Stub another man from the pulpit, as the crowd descended the stairs.

"All the same, I wouldn't like to be you, Ed," said a laborer from the slag heap, who had come to the pulpit to meet a comrade.

"Why not?" rasped Ed, "do you think I'm afraid of a crowd like that?"

"No," answered Joe Dunn, the laborer in question, "But you can't dodge bricks and bullets all your life. The Council's bound to get you. Hear the latest?"

"What's that?" inquired Ed. "Some more meanness?"

"Dick Halligan was drinkin' last night an' told Lou Clifton that the Council got him to say you're only an ordinary scab. Jackson told Dick three months ago, he was to be next Steel Blower, but when Stein quit Burfed shoved you in."

Big Ed was white with rage. "I thought you were a friend of mine Joe," he said. "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"I only found it out last night at work myself," answered Dunn, "besides, Lou Clifton went to your house to tell you yesterday on his way to work."

"I was out. Came up town to pay a bill," explained Ed.

"But so long, fellows," he continued. Then he turned back from the gate of the mill which the little group had reached.

"Why, where are you going, Ed?" asked Carrol,

"Back to the Office," answered Ed, "to see if I can't find Jackson. I want to get it straight from him, whether this is true or not."

"We'll go with you," said Carrol, "you'll need company to prove that you saw Jackson. Come on, Joe."

"Nothin' doin'," responded Dunn. "This is Ed's fight. My sympathy is with him all right, but I ain't got such a strangle hold on my job or such an appetite for bullets as to want to buck the Council."

"That's all right, Joe," responded Ed. "I know how you feel. As you say, its my fight. So none of you need come along." And Ed turned to go.

"Well, I'm goin', whether you like it or not," said Carrol. "I've got enough fighting blood in me to see this thing through."

"Me too," said Stub. "I'm about sick of the way the Council's running things. Come on, Ed!"

"I'm sure much obliged to you fellows," said Ed. "But we won't have to go back; there's Jackson now." And he pointed to the foreman who was approaching.

"Hey, Mr. Jackson!" said Ed, as the foreman approached. "Can I speak to you for a minute?"

"What can I do for you, Ed?" asked the foreman, pleasantly, approaching the group. He liked Ed, as did all the officials.

"Did you promise the job I'm holding down to Dick Halligan?" inquired Ed.

Jackson hesitated. "Yes," he answered; "but you were the better man for the job and Burfed wanted to keep you in Bessemer, so you were promoted."

Ed was clearly angry. "But man alive, you should have known that I'm no scab, to take another man's job. Let Halligan come out to work to-morrow night. I'll go back to the cupola for a while. Either that or take my notice," said Ed. To offer one's notice was to tender one's resignation in the Stocton Steel Co. To quit without a notice was a crime in steel making circles. For it often put extra work on others till another man could be secured.

"Suit yourself," said Jackson. "Grimes is quitting at the end of the month, and his job is as good as yours. You can wait for that if you want to."

"All right," said Ed mollified. "Thank you, Mr. Jackson."

"You're welcome," said the foreman, and departed.

"That put another spike in the Council's guns," said Carrol to Ed, as they left the mill.

Big Ed only grunted. Evidently he was still indignant at the trick the officials had unwittingly played him.

When Halligan mounted the pulpit next evening, Ed turned over to him his set of levers and pointed out the section of the pulpit in his charge.

"Good luck, Dick," he said cheerily. "Sorry I didn't know before I took the job that was comin' to you."

"That's all right, Ed," said Halligan gratefully. "And say, Ed, I was sore when I agreed to knock you. I'm through with the Council."

"Don't mention it, Dick," said Ed turning to leave the pulpit.

"You certainly showed them up, Ed," said Halligan admiringly.

"By the way, maybe I can do you a good turn. There's a meeting of the entire Union next Sunday. Election of officers you know. But between me and you the Council's going to try to nail you."

"No fear of that," said Ed, "too many good fellows in the Union." And he went to his place in the cupola.

Sunday afternoon found the Stocton Opera House in possession of the Union men. About seven hundred members were present, nearly a full quota. Sunday was the only day on which such an attendance was possible, as the steel works never cease their clamor from Sunday evening until late Saturday afternoon. The minutes of the previous meeting had hardly been read when the Council made an attempt to settle the case of Big Ed. Discussion for and against the workman was bitter. Some were in favor of violent means—these were the radicals and supporters of the Executive Council—the majority seemed in favor of dropping the matter and allowing Big Ed to enter when he pleased. The discussion came to a sudden halt when Big Ed himself walked into the hall. His enemies and friends alike were dumb-founded. Ed walked up the aisle and whispered something to the chairman, a friend of his. The latter nodded and said:

"Mr. Galvin has permission to address the Union."

Then Ed turned and delivered the short speech that changed the whole policy of the Union in Stocton forever.

"Gentlemen," he began, "this seems like intruding on my part. But I want to say right here that I respect the Union, and I'm here to join. I'm joining you, not because the Executive Council wants me to. I think I showed how much I care for that"—There was a laugh from the men at this sally, and Ed continued—"But I'm here to join the Union, because I believe in Unions. I didn't join before because I wanted to prove to you what I'm going to say. Your Union as it stands is useless. Why? Everybody knows that a strike is coming here within a year, because, though you've got good wages, there's a whole lot of things you ain't got, that you ought to have. But I ask you, buddies, how in blazes are you going to force a big concern like the Stocton Steel Co. to yield to your wishes, if you can't force an ordinary workman like myself to enter the Union?" Ed paused. There was silence for a moment and then a babel of shouts.

"That's right." "Never struck us that way before." "What do you know about that?"

The chairman beat a tattoo with his gavel, and Big Ed proceeded:

"Stocton and his crowd know a strike's comin' as well as you. You're doin' nothin' to prepare. You think because every man in the mills belongs to this Union, all you've got to do is to call a strike and Stocton Steel Co. shuts down till you're ready to go to work again. But that ain't so. Do you know what Stocton's doin'? There ain't a paper in Chicago, Buffalo, Baltimore, or any other place where there's a big steel works far enough away from Stocton to keep the truth from bein' found out, that ain't chuck full of accounts of the wonderful wages us fellows is supposed to be gettin'. What's going to be the result? As soon as you go out on a strike, there'll be an army of scabs knockin' at the gates of the Stocton Steel Co. an' beggin' for your jobs."

"Holy Smoke!" ejaculated a man in the front row; "that's the truth."

"Now, gents, my speech is finished. I ain't no scholar, as you see. But before you sign me up, my advice to you is, when you elect the officers this time, try to get somebody that'll do a little thinkin' ahead, instead of wastin' time devisin' underhand means of forcin' people into the Union." And Ed calmly sought the Secretary to become a full fledged member of the Union he had so doggedly refused to enter.

There was no thought of order in the assembly for some time. The speech of Big Ed had put all the workmen face to face with the issue all knew must come. So Big Ed had paid his dues and been admitted to the Union before calm was restored. The Executive Council were crestfallen. This body was composed of six members, but in Stocton three of these took no active interest in the actions of their fellows and so the worse element had been left to themselves in their schemes against Big Ed. Now they felt that a reaction was due. And they were right. When order had been restored the election of officers was taken up. Of the old council only one member, Osborne, remained. The others had been replaced by level-headed and conservative workmen, among whom was the fledgling member, Big Ed. He could have had any office in the gift of men. President, Secretary, Delegate to the National Board, anything might have been his for the asking. He had given new life to the Union, and no matter what position he might hold, every man present at that meeting knew that the real power in the Stocton Branch of the Amalgamated Steel Workers would be Big Ed Galvin.

"Don't let your feelin's run away with your brains, buddies," had been Ed's reply to all proffers of the more important offices. "Remem-

ber I haven't got the learnin' for them jobs. Put a college chap in. I'll stick on the Executive Council. You see," he added, "I might be able to keep some other fellow from gettin' the same deal I got." And Ed grinned delightfully at the former members of the Council, who certainly had not been overjoyed to welcome him to the Union.

(*To be continued.*)

J. R. MELVIN, C. Ss. R.

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### NOURISHMENT

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Pious thoughts, read, meditated upon, and sometimes written.

Books that elevate and excite love for all that is good and lovely.

Conversations that refresh, rejoice, and cheer; walks that expand the mind, as well as strengthen the body.—*Gold Dust.*

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The little things hurt quite as much as the big ones. The "Hello Girl" who was not invited in the picnic party which all the rest of the operators on her switchboard are enjoying this bright summer afternoon, feels as deep mental anguish for the time being as the Belgian mother whose home was destroyed by the German invaders. In neither case will relief be found in bitter revengeful thoughts but in cheerful hopefulness of better things to come and in childlike resignation to the Will of God.

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### QUEEN OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY

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Maiden of Israel, gentle and sweet,  
Modestly treading through Nazareth's street;  
Yearning thy soul the long-Promised to see,  
Nor dreaming of honors God destined for thee,  
Now thou art reigning in glory untold,  
Enthroned near the King in a vesture of gold;  
Who can the half of thy glories relate,  
Thou whom thy servants have named Heaven's Gate?  
Maternal and tender thy heart as of yore,  
When the dear Infant Jesus once played round thy door;  
Deeper our love and our trusting have grown,  
Since message of thine in the ages far-flown,  
When Dominic, Knight of thy Rosary came,  
To thrill all the world with the sound of thy name.  
Fair Queen, 'neath thy mantle enfold us, we pray,  
For peace, light and mercy, entreat we to-day;  
Guide us till homeward the journey is trod,  
Helper of Christians, Mother of God.

—Catherine Hayes.

## MATERDOMINI

Materdomini presents a most pleasing panorama. Along defiles, between hills, above the Sele Valley, towns and villages nestle like almost inaccessible aeries as they cling to hillsides or steep mountain-walls and add life and light to nature's varied landscape.

Of these towns some are connected with St. Gerard Majella's life:

At Senerchia Gerard carried immense trees as if they were but straw and imparted the same miraculous power to the people.

At San Menna he received a new garment, which, on seeing a poor man in rags, he immediately gave away. Here too, a blacksmith demanded an exorbitant price, but Gerard ordered his horse to drop the newly fitted shoes; the beast obeyed;—like Adam, Gerard by his innocence had power over the beasts of earth.

Gerard showed similar power in Caposele. From the veranda of the Ilaria family he saw a rooster. He beckoned the proud bird to come to him and it obeyed. Beholding the beautiful plumage, stately walk and noble bearing, the Saint went into extasy—no doubt at the thought of God's Infinite Beauty who created this creature, *one* among the myriad beauties of nature.

Near Materdomini are Muro, the birthplace of St. Gerard, and Castelgrande where as tailor's apprentice he was persecuted by his master and fellow-apprentices.

Beyond Senerchia, about 7 miles from Materdomini, is Oliveto Citra, where Gerard prophesied about his death and told the Pirofalo family that a white cloth at his window in Materdomini would say he was still alive, whilst its absence would signal his death—thus, as subsequent events proved, the family saw the cloth at this distance and knew when he died.

We now turn towards the convent. The first door opens into the Royal Post & Telegraph Office established for the convenience of the pilgrims and the forwarding of the St. Gerard periodical. The Post Office occupies the site of the old kitchen where angels once cooked in Gerard's place.

Gerard having gone into extasy after Holy Communion, remained thus till near dinner time. A brother meeting him said: "Gerard, it is time for dinner; yet, how is the kitchen still locked?" Gerard replied: "O man of little faith! What think you the angels were doing in the

meanwhile?" When the Community came to dinner the meal was promptly served and found well prepared: the angels' work during Gerard's audience with his Sacramental Lord.

Occupying the place of the former refectory is the printing establishment for St. Gerard's periodical which counts over 7,000 paying subscribers, is printed in Italian, and reaches all over the globe. There are so many letters of thanks for favors received at St. Gerard's intercession, that the periodical publishes, on an average, a monthly list of 200.

Entering the outer convent door we reach a vestibule to the right of which is the door of the printingshop. Directly before us is another door over which we see represented the following miracle:

As porter the Saint had to carry alms to the poor at the convent door. Thousands received food and clothing at his hands, and often both food and clothing were miraculously multiplied. One day as Gerard was thus engaged, he asked Philip Falcone, a poor blind man, to play on his flute. Bidden to take his choice, Gerard replied: "Play 'Il tuo gusto e non il mio, voglio solo in te, mio Dio:'" (Thy pleasure and not mine, I seek in Thee, my God, alone). When Gerard heard the melody he became quite joyful and after singing the leading words, he fell into ecstasy.

Every year on St. Gerard's feast, a table for about 70 poor is set in the vestibule to commemorate the above event. The visiting Prelate, the Superior, and the Fathers of the Community assist at this banquet of the poor: and, accompanied by an orchestra, all sing: "Il tuo gusto e non il mio etc," the hymn composed by St. Alphonsus Liguori.

There are more places of interest, e. g. the cellar where the Saint's obedience was miraculously rewarded. He was drawing wine when the door bell rang. Mindful of an order to answer the first sound of the bell without completing the work then engaged in, Gerard hastened away without closing the tap—but, not a drop was lost. When asked why he left the tap open, Gerard recalled the previous order to the Superior. The Superior replied: "O, go hide in the oven!" Simple and heroic in obedience, Gerard crawled into the narrow bake-oven where he was afterwards discovered. A portion of this oven still exists. God so glorified His servant's obedience that even mental commands, given miles away, were obeyed instantly. Obedience even arrested the time of his death.



Nearest the church, at the end of the lower corridor is the room in which St. Gerard lived and died. This room, now a chapel, is open to pilgrims by way of the church. It is cut off from the enclosure so that also women may enter and pray where Gerard performed so many hidden penances and holy meditations: where at times he even rendered himself miraculously invisible.

On an upper floor, somewhat to the rear of the church's cupola, is an attic where Gerard used to scourge himself—often unto blood. Holy walls these, bespattered by the blood of this innocent youth who offered all for the conversion of sinners, in expiation of what his humility styled "crimes" of his own.

Pondering the present lines, we might think St. Gerard was always doing the extraordinary, miraculous and wonderful. We may be right in a sense, but we must remember two points: that miracles are a very special free gift of God, and that Gerard achieved great sanctity by faithful performance of his daily duties, some of which were really menial. He sanctified ordinary things by a perfect intention according to the precepts of his holy Rule and the advice of his director. He left no opportunity untouched to increase grace and virtue.

"The doors of opportunity turn sometimes on very small hinges and open to a very light touch." (Catherine E. Conway.)

The main point is to do our duty well: fidelity to the ordinary obligations first, the extraordinary will then so much the more readily take care of themselves; strive after sanctity, and leave the miracles to God. If we knew the details of St. Gerard's life, we would perhaps be more surprised at the ordinary means he employed to grow in sanctity than at the wonders that crowned his work. The essence of his sanctity was not bloody scourgings and miracles, but rather humility and prayer, daily surrender of self to God's Holy Will according to the Divine Model of whom he became such a perfect copy: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, that I may perfect his work" (S. John, IV, 34).

*(To be continued.)*

PAUL O. BALZER, C. Ss. R.

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There are many things we may regret having done during our summer vacation, but the reading of good Catholic books and magazines will never be one of them.

## WHO WROTE OUR GOSPELS?

*Whom shall we blame for this?* A very good friend of mine wrote to me: "It happened in the smoking apartment of a trolley-car.

One of the gentlemen was haranguing his fellow-passengers. The general drift of his discourse amounted to this: 'I do not believe in Jesus Christ, because I do not believe in the Gospels any more. And I do not believe the Gospels, because I am convinced that the Apostles and Evangelists did not write the books that pass current under their names. I have read all the up-to-date works on Higher Criticism and have come to the conclusion that our Gospels are a sort of patch-work compilation. The big bulk was added by later hands. Now, once the authorship of the book is called in question, I must reject all that is written in the book.' So this very dear friend of mine asks me what I think of this. Well—there seem to be several problems entangled here. I will select only one, namely, the authorship of our Gospels. Though narrowing the subject down to this simplest point, I can only sketch the line of argument. Let me give my proposition: I am convinced that our Gospels are written by the men whose names they bear: Sts. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Let me summarize my argument: I am convinced of this because their authorship is proven—1. By an historical tradition that is in every way reliable; 2. This tradition is strikingly sustained by all the intrinsic features of the Gospel; 3. This tradition could not have been tainted with error at its inception; 4. Much less could this tradition have been falsified in course of time. Now I will develop each point in a separate paragraph.

*This tradition is historically reliable.* A tradition which reaches back, like an iron chain of testimony, back to the very years when these authors must have written; a chain whose first link is anchored within the circle of their intimate friends; a chain of testimony in which both friend and foe unite—surely such a tradition is historically reliable; and such is ours.

A. Let us review *the friends*. If I produce single names, you will notice that they are public officials of the Church, who speak in the name of others and voice the universal conviction of their age. Now what was the conviction of the Church of *ancient Gaul*? Here we meet a spokesman who deserves the fullest confidence. St. Irenaeus was born between 120 and 140 A. D. He died probably in the first years of the third century. Educated in Asia Minor by men who had conversed with the Apostles, he then travelled the world over. In his work on *Heresies* (III, II, 8), he begins squarely: "The Gospels are neither more nor less in number than these." Then he goes on to give the characteristic traits of our four Gospels designating as authors, those names so familiar to all of us: John, Luke, Matthew, Mark. Let us turn to the *Church of Rome*. Here we are confronted by the celebrated document known as the Muratorian Canon. Its date is about 170 A. D. The first part of the document is missing. The portion preserved opens thus: "Among which things he was present, and which he set down even so. The third Gospel book according to Luke . . . . The fourth Gospel of John." Naturally, the thought has occurred to you: But what of the Gospel of Sts. Matthew and Mark? Of course you also noticed, that where a third and fourth are explicitly numbered, the first and second are understood. To encourage you in this view, let me quote the comment of a Non-Catholic writer on that point, Westcott. On the Canon of the New Testament (5th ed., 1881) he writes: "The Fragment commences with the last words of a sentence which evidently referred to the Gospel of St. Mark." See also Zahn's *History of the N. T. Canon*, vol. II, pg. 14, ed. 1890.) On the next page (215) Westcott continues: "Though there is no trace of any reference to the Gospel of St. Matthew, it is impossible not to believe that it occupied the first place among the four Gospels." This may be

further substantiated by the following facts: a) The Fragment itself mentions men who were in Rome, and knew the Gospel of St. Matthew and used it. Ex gr. in line 73 it names Hermas (see Westcott pg. 201, note 3); lines 65 and 84 it refers to the heresies of Marcion and Basilides who exploited the Gospel of St. Matthew to promote the interests of their sect. b) St. Irenaeus and Tertullian also were in Rome, and they insist on the authorship of the Gospel. c) St. Mark actually wrote his Gospel in Rome. Now look over to *Africa*. Here the rugged eloquence of Tertullian, whose orthodox writings are dated between about 196 and 206 A. D. is resonant with assertions that cover our point. Of the several passages, we select but one. Speaking about the Gospels, he remarks: "Of the Apostles, John and Matthew preach our Faith; and of the Apostolic men, Luke and Mark publish it" (Adv. Marcion, IV, 2). Just to complete the circle of early churches, we will glance over to *Alexandria* where the great Catechetical School now flourishes under the presidency of Clement of Alexandria (about 190-200 A. D.). In his Stromata (III, 13) he declares that he rejects all arguments not drawn from the four Gospels received from ancient tradition. How continue our testimony into earlier times? First by the titles they bear: "Gospel according to Matthew, etc." These titles must have been time-honored even in those early days, for they are cited as a matter of common usage by St. Irenaeus (Haer. III, 11); Clement of Alexandria (Strom. I, 21); Muratorian Fragment (line 3). Tertullian denounces Marcion's Gospel just because it bears no title. Secondly, we read through the early writers and show that they have used our Gospels. But here I fear to weary the reader, and will merely refer him to the works of Westcott and Zahn cited above. In the meantime the enemies themselves will fill up the gap.

B. *Let us review the enemies.* They too agree with the Christian writers on this point. Their consent is all the more impressive since it was difficult for them, at times, to find in the Gospels the support they needed. They resorted to mutilation of the Gospels, garbling of texts, even went so far as to frame altogether new Gospels. Surely it would have been to their interest to show that the Gospels cited against them by orthodox writers were not authentic. Thus they would gain the victory at a single blow. Yet they do not even dare to question this point. We will confine ourselves to only a few instances. St. Irenaeus (Haer. III, 11, 7) writes: "Such is the certainty about our Gospels that even the heretics render testimony to them. For they use them as a starting-point for their teaching, and try to prove it by appealing to them. Thus the Ebionites use only the Gospel according to Matthew . . . Marcion mutilates that according to Luke . . . Those who separate Jesus from Christ prefer that according to Mark. While they who cling to the party of Valentinus draw copiously from the Gospel according to John." Now *what dates do we reach* for the existence of our Gospels? The Ebionites were a Jewish-Christian sect whose origin goes back to the very time of the Apostles. To separate Jesus from Christ was the theory of that Cerinthus whose errors are refuted by St. John in his Gospel. Marcion spread his heresy in Rome between 139 and 142 A. D. Valentinus made propaganda for his sect here also, about 135 to 160 A. D. Moreover, other heretics wrote commentaries on the Gospels or used them to authorize their tenets. Such were Basilides 120 to 140 A. D.; Heraclion and Ptolemy 145-180 A. D. The disciples of Simon Magus who was a contemporary of St. Peter embodied their master's teaching in a work called the Great Announcement. Here too the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John are traceable.

The *heathens themselves* had access to the Gospels as may be shown by the writings of Celsus the philosopher. He indited his famous attack on Christianity about 178 A. D. and he must have had our four Gospels before him. Conclusion: thus we have followed the tradition in which friend and foe agreed, back to the Apostolic times. Now our second point.

*This tradition is borne out by all internal traits of the writings ascribed to Apostolic authors.*

1. *Let me explain* what I mean by this "Internal Argument." Suppose you read a book that claims to be written by an author living in a certain well-known time and place. While reading you come upon statements so absurd that

no one who lived then and there would have made them. Immediately you pronounce the authorship a fraud. Thus the philosopher Philostratus published a life of Appolonius of Tyana, who was represented as the exact facsimile of Our Lord. He claimed that this was the work of a certain Damis, travelling companion of the hero. On reading this production one is startled by the assertion that Babylon was then an immense and magnificent city. In reality it was only a desert strewn with little more than ruins. He represents Sparta as a free city while in reality it was subject to Rome. Only if all the minutiae of the work tally in all respects with the circumstances of time and place do we place confidence in the authorship. The more striking and accurate this accord is the fuller is our trust.

2. *Now to apply this principle to the Gospels.*

a. *Negatively.* No note of discord was yet proven. Though in the Gospels we meet a very labyrinth of allusions to manifold details, yet invariably do they accord with all the historians can prove for certain regarding those times. There are remarks about civil rulers in Rome and Palestine and the surrounding countries; a maze of laws civil and religious, written and traditional, almost envelope every step in the life of the actors in the story; coins are met: Hebrew, Greek and Roman. And still, not a flaw in the Gospel narrative. Did a man fabricate our records at a later period, he must inevitably slip into a blunder that sharp-eyed critics would have detected and proven to the hilt. We can prove the worth of the *inference by actual facts*. Look at the imitation of our Gospels known as Apocryphal Gospels. There we have the so-called Gospel of St. Peter. It was composed probably in Antioch about 150 A. D. There we might fairly suppose that traditions about our Lord could have survived and a knowledge of Palestinian conditions might be quite accurate. Yet here King Herod figures as the real ruler in Jerusalem at the time of Our Lord's Passion. While we all know that Judea had been excluded from his territory and was under the Roman Procurator Pilate. Herod also pronounces sentence of crucifixion on Christ; while we know that Herod found no cause of death in Him. Pilate is made to plead with Herod for the restoration of Christ's corpse to his friends (V. 4). There is also the Gospel of Thomas which circulated before the days of Irenaeus and seems in use with the Marcionites (140 A. D.). Here again our Lord is represented in a way that would clash with all Jewish and Palestinian customs. He plays by the side of a pool and digs little channels for filthy water which he then purifies with a single word. On a Sabbath day he moulds twelve birds out of clay and when reprimanded for violating the Sabbath laws he merely bids the birds fly away. He kills a boy who has simply jostled him a little.

b. *Positively.* If we scrutinize the contents of the Gospels more closely we will see that the matter could only come from eye witnesses, could hardly have been written at any other time save that to which we assign them. For example:

*The Gospel of St. Matthew.* Let us assume the years of the Great Jewish Wars 66-70 A. D. as a test time and see on which side the authorship of this Gospel must be placed. All goes to point in favor of the period preceding. The periods before and after differ as day and night.

1. *Notice the description of details: Before.*—The temple still blazes forth in a glory of marble and bronze and gilt; a cycle of gorgeous feasts hold the visitors spellbound; a magnificent ceremonial accompanies the daily sacrifices and the Sabbath services; the Sanhedrim still sways the destinies of the nation, while the Scribes and Pharisees wield their traditional influence on a submissive people; the populace is still sundered into violent factions, by the time-serving Herodians and the fanatically revolutionary zealot, while a small fraction still awaits in patience the Will of God. *After.*—The Temple is reduced to a heap of smouldering ruins; the feasts are become impossible, the songs are silent and the ceremonial buried with the glories of the Holy Place; Rome's iron foot had trodden down all national authorities; national hopes are crushed and the parties and factions have vanished. Now everything in the Gospel squares exactly with conditions before that war. Next it would be humanly speaking a miracle of the first order if a Jew writing after the date would not betray his feeling in some tangible manner.

2. Notice the *language itself*: especially the theological terms. Our Lord himself: in the Gospels he is quite usually described by the term: "Son of Man." Now in all later writings this term is rare (Heb. II, 6, oblique—Acts VII, 56, Apos. I, 13, XIV, 14, allusions to Dan. VII, 13). His followers: in the Gospels and Acts they are pointed out by the term "disciples"; thus describing them by their relation to Him while He still lived and was the center of their union. But in the later books of the New Testament, they are designated by such terms as: "brethren," "saints;" thus describing them by their relation to those around them, viz., the Christians and non-Christians (Disciples in Synoptics 160 times, in John 78 times, in Acts 28 times; in other books not at all). The Church: in the Gospels the terms, "Kingdom of Heaven" and "Kingdom of God" are ordinary and frequent; for the very idea must be first explained. In later writings (as Epistles) those terms are quite rare and the usual term "church" is used (for all is supposed to be well understood now). *The Gospel of St. John*: You see, dear reader, yours is a dreary fate: to be compelled to plod through such a sandy waste as this! Just one glance at the Gospel of St. John and we will dispense with the rest. Here notice the objections raised against Our Lord himself. They occur on nearly every page. Yet many are such as to lose their point altogether, and become next to absurd at a later date when the Gospel events had once become well-known through other channels. Examples: VII, 15: And the Jews wondered saying: How doth this man know letters, having never learned? (Jesus answered them and said: My doctrine is not mine but His that sent me.) VIII, 33: They answered him: We are the seed of Abraham and we have never been slaves to any man; how sayest thou: you shall be free? VIII, 22: The Jews therefore said: Will he kill himself? because he said: Whither I go you cannot come. X, 24: The Jews therefore came round about him and said to him: How long dost thou hold our souls in suspense? If thou be the Christ tell us plainly. X, 33: The Jews answered him: for a good work we stone thee not . . . No one would have made such objections to Christians at a later date; nor would any have cared to inquire about these matters, while in Christ's own day they would be just the doubts to come to the lips of His contemporaries.

Thus the internal argument whose vast mass we have just hazily pointed, all goes to show that the testimony of the witnesses referred to above is quite correct. Now the third point:

*This tradition could not have been tainted with error at it's inception*; in other words it must have been true from the start. Consider,

1. *The Occasions* which called forth the writing of the Gospels. How did *St. Matthew* come to write his Gospel? Was it merely a private, personal project? When *St. Matthew* had preached the faith to the Hebrews and resolved to go forth to the outside nations, he then composed his Gospel in his mother-tongue that it might remain as a souvenir among those whom he was about to leave, and that the writing might in some way make up for his absence. Just as he had preached by word of mouth so he would continue, though far away in body, to instruct them by his writing. Surely the greatest value of such a keepsake lay in the fact that *St. Matthew* himself had been it's author and they had every facility and interest in verifying this. Eus. III, 24.

*St. Mark's Gospel*: Eusebius (VI, 14) quotes Clement AL: "The Gospel of Mark was written under these circumstances. When Peter had publicly preached the word of God in the city of Rome . . . many of those who had heard him, now urged Mark to commit to writing what had been preached, in as much as he had long been a companion of Peter and now had all his events by memory. Thus Mark set about his task and gave his Gospel to those who asked for it." Now may we still suppose that Mark's project had been his own secret and that no one had any inkling of it's execution? Just his very authorship is what they ask for, and what they have every reason to be sure of.

*St. Luke's Gospel*: The public character of his authorship is vouched for by the dedication, which he prefixed. We all know the force of such dedication. Usually the person or persons to whom it is addressed are dear friends of the writer and have every chance of knowing his handiwork. His dedication seems an imitation of what was in vogue then, for it appears a fair parallel to the



dedication which authors of his own day, and even earlier still, were accustomed to use. (Thus St. Luke's resembles that of Hippocrates, 460-530 B. C., and that of the physician Dioscorides who wrote in the reign of the Emperor Nero in Anazulu of Cilicia.)

*St. John's Gospel:* It was composed on the urgent request of those about him. (Compare Can. Muratori, line 10; Clem. Al. in Eusebius, H. E., VI, 14, "familiorum suorum rogatu;" Eusebius himself in H. E. III, 24, 11; S. Jerome, Vir. Illus. 9, and Pref. to Com. on Math.; Victor Pesabon on Apoc. XI, 1.

*Conclusion:* Thus the occasion was always such as to bring the authorship into publicity. Now another phase of the matter.

2. *The customs prevalent* regarding the publication of a book. The publication of books usually involved the co-operation of so many parties, that their authorship must have been known to many persons. First of all, the author would dictate to a secretary or scribe. Then his work would be submitted to the scrutiny of a corrector. Besides this, the work was usually dedicated to a person of influence, who thus became the patron of the book. Finally the book was published by recitation, or the reading of it before a select audience. Now we may trace some of these steps in the publication of the New Testament writings, and, by analogy, extend them to the rest. Moreover we may supply the absence of explicit statements in regard to some, by other data that go to insure our knowledge of the author. a) The traces of *this process* in the New Testament. Dictation to a secretary is discovered in the Ep. to the Romans, XVI, 22, where we unexpectedly meet this remark: "I, Tertius, who wrote this epistle, salute you in the Lord." Dedication was pointed out in the Gospel of St. Luke, I, 1-4. Recitation is suggested by the opening words of St. Paul in some of his letters as in the second Epistle to the Corinthians (I, 1): "To the Church of God that is in Corinth, with all the saints that are in all Achaia." Hence he wants it read through all the churches of this region. In the epistle to the Colossians he gives the order: "And when this epistle shall have been read with you, cause that it be read also in the church of the Laodiceans; and that you read that which is of the Laodiceans" (IV, 16). b) *Other evidence* to vouch for accurate knowledge of authorship may be derived from the fact that most of these writings were transmitted by carriers or bearers who were well informed on this point. Besides this we know that the Roman Christians went so far as to present St. Mark's Gospel to St. Peter and elicit his express approval. In the same way the Christians of Asia Minor, laid the three other Gospels before St. John to secure his sanction on all.

3. *Authorship must have been authenticated* in a way that barred all chance of error: on account of the frequency of intercourse in Apostolic times and the lively interest that was taken in these matters. a) *Frequent communication* between far away churches tended to spread correct information in this matter.

1) *The authors themselves* were Apostles or companions of Apostles and were personally known in widely distant places. Both Sts. John and Luke travelled from Asia to Rome and back again. 2) Their intimate *friends* were scattered through all the chief cities of the world. St. Paul, in his epistle to the Romans devotes almost an entire chapter to a list of the names of his friends whom he salutes. 3) This frequency of intercourse is further illustrated by *such facts* as these: whoever journeyed from church to church must be furnished with testimonial letters from his own church; hospitality to strangers was emphasized as one of the prime virtues of a Christian; the faithful of a Church not in stress of persecution used to send liberal donations to churches in need, and this was usually effected by means of men most intelligent and trustworthy; prophets and evangelists were frequent visitors everywhere. b) Their *deep concern* in these matters is evident from such *statements* as we find, for instance in the writings of St. John: he severely denounces anyone who dares add or subtract from what he has written. St. Paul in his second epistle to the Thessalonians puts the faithful on their guard against forgeries. Moreover we notice that *missionaries* since Apostolic times love to carry the Gospel with them. In the History of Eusebius is recorded the fact that St. Bartholomew took with him to India a copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew. In another place he states that it was the custom of missionaries in times of the emperor Trajan (98-117 A. D.) to use the written Gospels in their work. Finally: We

know how zealous were the early Christians in preserving and *collecting the letters* of Sts. Ignatius and Polycarp. St. Peter implies that the epistles had already been assembled in one body. Now the same veneration was extended to the Gospels; for we know that they were classed with the Scriptures of the Old Testament. All the chances that served to facilitate the diffusion of correct information, will also aid in detecting and amending blunders and will forestall and prohibit deception. Especially if we add the fact that very soon, many copies were made and again multiplied. These copies served both public and private use. Each one of which became a new testimony of the truth and a new witness against error.

*This tradition could not have been vitiated in it's further course.*

1. Consider the *criterion* adopted in the ages immediately succeeding the Apostles. Did they accept anybody's word or any tradition on the point? Or did they select just that test of tradition which gives the best warrant of certitude, that which we would desire them to have chosen?

a) No, they did not accept *any or all* traditions. They had been trained quite differently. They knew how Our Lord himself had so severely censured the Pharisees for accepting the traditions of men. They were well aware that the heretics whom they had to deal with did appeal to all sorts of traditions which they pretended to have come from the Apostles—usually by secret and circuitous route.

b. They looked just for that sort of tradition which we want them to adopt, i. e., *first hand, public and well-established*. Just a few samples: Tertullian (Ag. m. IV, 5, M. 2, 366) says: "To be brief: if it be clear that that is truer which is older, if that be always older which goes back to the very beginning; if that be from the very beginning which comes from the Apostles themselves; then it will also be clear that that comes from the Apostles which has always been held most sacred in the churches founded immediately by the Apostles themselves. Let us examine what milk (of doctrine) the Corinthians drew from Paul; by what rule the Galatians were instructed; what the Philippian, Thessalonian, Ephesian are reading; what the Romans, so near to us, assert to whom Peter and Paul have bequeathed the Gospel sealed in their blood. We may consult the churches nursed by John. I maintain therefore that among those churches and not only those established directly by the Apostles, but among all the churches of the world associated in the ties of religion—I maintain that just that form of Luke's Gospel was in use from the very beginning of it's publication, which we now defend . . . This same authority of the apostolic churches also vouches for the other Gospels." Thus we see the value of this criterion. He repeatedly insists on the same principle that he goes back to the very oldest traditions to those which are linked with the assurances of the Apostles themselves.

2. Consider the *critical spirit* with which they set to work. The mental temper of the first Christians was by no means that of indolent credulity. Just the contrary: theirs was a spirit of wariness and alertness in matters touching their faith. Our Lord himself insisted on this: for he warned them time and again to be on their guard against false teachers who would come to them in sheep's clothing, but would in reality be ravening wolves. He warned against the false shepherd who climbs over the wall, and did not enter in at the door. St. John re-echoes the warnings: "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits if they be of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world."

St. Paul in his parting address at Miletus, warns against the "ravening wolves, men speaking perverse things (Acts XX, 30). This severely critical attitude was intensified by the jealousy with which they guarded the deposit of Faith entrusted to them, and whetted as on a grindstone by the constant and varied departures of heresy. It would be quite a miracle if we supposed that they accepted any sort of writing as Apostolic and Scriptural. Let me recall the case of St. Paul in Thess. II, 1-2: "We beseech you brethren by the coming of Our Lord Jesus Christ and of our gathering together unto Him, that you be not easily moved from your mind, nor be frightened, neither by spirit nor by word, not by epistle as sent from us, as if the day of Our Lord were at hand." Here admonition to inspect even any epistle that claimed to be written by him, warns against possible forgeries.



That this critical spirit was *applied to the Gospels* we see from the Prologue to *St. Luke's Gospel*: "Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a narration of the things, that have been accomplished among us; according as they have delivered them unto us who from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word; it seemed good to me also, having diligently attained to all things from the beginning, to write to thee in order, most excellent Theophilus, that thou mayest know the verity of those words, in which thou hast been instructed." Here notice *first* the case of those many who tried to write out an account of the Gospel events: they too sought out the eye-witnesses and they were many in number. *Secondly*, notice the case of *St. Luke*: he does not rest content with all this but diligently goes over the whole matter for himself. *Thirdly*, the case of *Theophilus*: he is already instructed in the faith and yet this does not suffice. *St. Luke* wishes to give him fullest certainty, i. e. "verity" in these matters. (Fuller explanation of this important passage in *Liguorian* for Oct., 1913.) Another instance of the concern felt by the early Church in such matters is found in *St. John's Gospel*, XXI 25: "This is that disciple who giveth testimony of these things and hath written these things and we know that his testimony is true." Now whether these be the words of *St. John* himself or those around him—they make one thing clear: the early Church was not credulous, but sought a reasonable faith that could give good account of itself.

3. That *this spirit actually prevailed* is brilliantly proven by hard facts: ex. gr.: how the Church regarded the Apocryphal Gospels. Origen (on *Math. tom 1*) enumerates a goodly list of Apocryphal Gospels. Let me just indicate the titles of some of the most popular ones: Gospels of the Hebrews, Gospel of the Twelve, Gospel of the Ebionites, Gospel of the Egyptians, Gospel of Peter, Gospel of Mathias, Gospel of Philip, Gospel of Thomas, Protoevangelium of James, Gospel of Andrew, Gospel of Bartholomew. To his list he adds the remark: "Very many others, besides."

Now these Gospels were constantly and mercilessly rejected by the Church—no matter if some of them were composed by well-meaning persons.

a. This rejection proves the inexorable critical spirit of the early Church. Credulity would have accepted them; their rejection proves there was no credulity. And we safely rely on the Church's verdict.

b. Their contents again prove the priority of our genuine Gospels, for the Apocryphals used and cite them: Proto-Jacobi (known to *St. Justin*) cites Matthew and Luke, the Acts of Pilate (known to *Justin* and *Tertullian*) use the Synoptics and especially *St. John*.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

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## THE TROUBLE WITH THE WORLD

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It was a frequent custom with Lincoln to carry his children on his shoulders. He rarely went down the street that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted upon his shoulder, while another hung to his coat. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, told one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud.

"Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world." Lincoln replied.

"I have three walnuts, and each wants two."

## TRAITOROUS AND TRUE

## CHAPTER VIII. SMILES AND TEARS.

Who knows what lies beyond to-day? May not the skies, that to-day are paved with wide stretches of beaten gold, be black to-morrow with churning clouds through which the serpent lightning writhes and hisses in its fury? Can the gardener that nurses the rose bush so tenderly in the spring sow that blushing roses will spill their perfumes on the breeze of summer? May not the ship that ploughs the waves at morning be lying still on the bed of the ocean when night-fall comes? Will the innocent child that lies asleep in its cradle and smiles at the angels in its dreams, dream always of angels? Who knows what lies beyond to-day?

Did Marie Le Blanc as she parted from Colonel Conroy on the evening of his first visit foresee that there would come a time when she would listen for the hoofbeats of his horse as he rode up the driveway? Did she know that her disappointment, when she found that oftentimes the rider was a friend from the village, was the tell-tale of the beginning of love? Did she realize that when the rider was he and her heart was filled with mingled joy and pleasure at his coming that the little god of love was fast taking possession of her? Whether Marie foresaw, or knew, or realized any or all of these things, she began to think of him often; to sit at her window longer than was her wont and to gaze intently toward the training camp where the khaki covered figures moved about, made small as busy brown ants by the distance.

But there came a time when at last her love came home to her. In a soft twilight evening Colonel Conroy came to the chateau. It was a night made for lovers, if poets' lines are true. The moonlight filtered down through the trees and lay in patches here and there like pools of silver in the grass. There was nothing to disturb the silence save the shrill chirping of crickets and the croaking of frogs holding their serenades on the banks of a little stream that twisted and twined like a silver serpent gliding through the meadow at the foot of the hill. The leaves hung motionless, indeed they seemed to be listening to the foot-steps of Marie and George Conroy as they walked slowly side by side under the trees. They stopped in a patch of moonlight. He was talking earnestly while she with her head bent down seemed to be listening to a voice far away. When he paused she looked up at him

for a moment. As she reached out her arms to him, he drew her to himself and nestling her face on his shoulder she murmured her answer. A breeze sprang up and the leaves stirred and they whispered to one another about the scene they had witnessed beneath them. All through the summer they would speak of it, be garrulous of it till they grew brown and crisp and eddied down to the sere grass in autumn; and even then as they were blown hither and thither over the lawn their tongues would not be silent for their rustling would be telling it still. Silence would not come till the snows of winter were over them in drifted white tombs; then silence were better, for tales of happiness made sharper the stings of sorrow.

Indeed besides the leaves but few knew till the day of days for Marie. Père Moneau the old priest of the village startled his little congregation one Sunday morning by telling them there would be no Mass in the village chapel on the coming Monday. They looked at one another in amazement for every morning he was accustomed to stand at the altar and offer up the Divine Sacrifice. Never, since he had come to them thirty-five years ago as a young priest with the sacred oils still wet on his consecrated hands had he missed this sweet duty. He was growing old and feeble and daily he seemed to be drawing more within himself and away from the world. His little flock could not understand this unheard of thing but they knew full well that his heart was filled with deep concern for their welfare. There was just the faintest twinkle in his eyes when he made this unheard of announcement to them. No one dared to ask him the reason for this strange thing and as they went their ways to their humble cottages many were their conjectures. One among them knew; it was Marie, for on the morrow Père Moneau would stand in his golden vestment at the foot of the altar in the chateau while she knelt at George Conroy's side and pronounced her vows of wedlock.

That morning the little chapel seemed to have awakened from a long slumber. The sun shone in through the stained-glass windows and filled it with an unaccustomed light. The altar was banked with flowers, through which the twinkling tapers gleamed like fire-flies. Raoul was there, and old Pierre's wife being sworn to secrecy, was decked out in her finest to act as bridesmaid at Raoul's side. Colonel Conroy had insisted on having as few as possible present: he had reasons of his own perhaps. Marie would have dearly liked to have her household present but she agreed with him that it was better thus.

Then too, it had always been the custom to have a grand fête for the villagers when there was a marriage at the chateau, but because France was in the throes of woe and bleeding at every pore, Marie was satisfied to have her marriage pass off quietly. She was happy however in her new found love, as happy as a child with never a thought or care. Her heart was atune with songs of gladness and her mind dreamed nothing but dreams of bliss.

The day was not far distant when the songs of gladness would lag and her dreams of bliss take on the dull grey hues of sorrow. The American troops had come to train and they could not remain in camp forever; there was work for them awaiting on the shell-swept fields of battle. Marie knew what duty was calling out to George Conroy; she knew the sacredness of duty in a true soldier's heart, but the love that was burning in her own heart gave a new strength to her arms as she flung them about his neck and clung to him and kissed him. It was indescribable torture to her to let him go. He unclasped her arms, it seemed to her, impatiently, almost rudely, leaped upon his horse and galloped away. She stood alone and crushed on the veranda looking after him through her blinding tears, but not once did he turn in his saddle to glance perchance for the last time, at the broken-hearted little wife he left behind him. Marie ran to her room and wept till the scalding tears were wet upon her pillow. All through the day her grief was uncontrollable. She did not come down to dinner or supper. The servants wondered, all save old Pierre's wife who went about with her heart burning to tell the other servants. Though they suspected the secret, not a word could they get out of her. Even Pierre who shared all secrets with his wife was told plainly to be about his business when he tried to get her off guard by questioning her.

Grief must somewhere end. As time went on the wound was healed and Marie became reconciled to her sorrow. There came letters from Colonel Conroy, long letters beginning with "My Darling", and filled with amorous phrases and loving solicitude. As the months went by the letters came less frequently. They were short, cruelly short and hurt the sensitive heart of her whose love never wavered. "Could it be that he was forgetting her?" She put the thought away as if it were poison. How could he give much time to writing out there on the battle-field where the body must scarcely rest and the eye be ever on the alert; where the nerves are kept keyed to the snapping point in the fearful horror and excitement of battle; where the air is perpetually

darkened with the smoke of bursting shells and vibrates constantly with the roar of thundering cannon; where men fall like flies, with ghastly gaping wounds and lie still on the shell-scarred earth starring with glassy eyes at the blinking stars.

Marie's life was lonely and filled with tears till wee Annette a little blue-eyed girl came to her to dispel the loneliness of the old chateau. The mother's joy was unbounded and she spent the greater part of her time telling her child about the soldier father she had never seen. At the sound of Marie's voice Annette's eyes would open wide and stare at her; then a smile, stealing over the little face and two baby hands stretching out to draw the mother's face down to her, was a fond mother's way of knowing that her child understood. But why does sorrow cling to the hem of joy? Why do sweetest joys soonest end? One day there came a letter for Marie. The writing on the envelope was in a strange hand, heavy and ill-formed. She opened it in fear, read it and it fluttered to the floor. Darkness seemed to have leaped from somewhere and enveloped her. Her heart was beating wildly in her bosom and trembling seized upon every limb, but she turned and ran to the little cot where wee Annette was fast asleep. She knelt and buried her face in the snow-white coverlets. Not a tear then came to her eyes, for some griefs are too deep for tears. Only thoughts and pictures ran riotously through her mind and intertwined with every thought and picture were the words of the letter: "Colonel Conroy killed in battle on the fifteenth." That one sentence was written in gleaming letters of fire and was burned into her brain. After the shock had abated and realization of what had happened dawned upon her, the tears rushed to her eyes and her breast heaved with sobbing. Annette was awakened and catching sight of the bowed head on the pillow she stretched out her little fingers and tangled them in her mother's hair. Marie folded her little one to her heart and there in the silence of the room murmured brokenly to her, her father's death.

Marie's servants knew her secret for many months past, for old Pierre's wife true to her sex, could not keep it to herself. But of this new sorrow they knew nothing for their sympathy would have only increased Marie's anguish. Annette was told it day after day. The grief that was eating at Marie's heart seemed to pass from mother to child, but the heart of the little child was less able to bear it. Day after day she faded. Her slumbers were broken and fitful and a fever was glowing in the little cheeks. The bright twinkle died out of her

baby eyes and they were left lusterless; even the smile, that so often ravished the mother's heart, vanished. Marie was almost mad with grief as she sat at the side of the little cot and saw the spark of life daily become fainter and more faint. She taxed all her mother's instincts and the doctor all his skill to make the little heart beat again in health. But what can mother's instinct and doctor's skill do when angels covet an innocent child? When the air is vibrant with the whirl of angel wings and tingles with the presence of angel forms, even mysterious mother love cannot stay the flight of a little soul. The angels were calling and in the evening when the birds were settling down on the swaying boughs of the trees to be rocked into slumber, and the flowers were folding their petals upon their breasts in sleep, Marie's little flower was waiting to be transplanted from earth to the bright shining fields of heaven. The mother knelt at the cot broken-hearted, crushed, and when the tiny eyelids lifted and the tiny eyes looked at her for the last time, and the tiny heart fluttered for an instant and then went still, Marie fainted dead away.

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The hand that wrote that letter and smote her heart with grief was not lying white and cold in a soldier's grave. Colonel George Conroy had written it. He had planned well. When he had insisted on few witnesses at his marriage he was looking into the future. Who should know it in America. It took place in a private chapel in an out of the way village of France; Père Moneau was old and feeble; old Pierre's wife was old too and Raoul a soldier might fall at any time in battle. How would Alice Drake ever learn of it, but, after all, who knows what lies beyond to-day?

*(To be continued.)*

J. COLL, C. SS. R.

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More than half of our troubles come from an exaggerated idea of our own importance, and the efforts we make to increase our position in the world. Lacordaire says, that the sweetest thing on earth is to be forgotten by all, with the exception of those who love us. All else brings more trouble than joy; and as soon as we have completed our task here, and fulfilled our mission, the best thing for us to do is to disappear altogether.—*Gold Dust.*

=====	<b>Catholic Anecdotes</b>	=====
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**JUST A PADRE**

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Instances of the heroic devotion of Catholic chaplains to their duty on the battlefields continue to be recorded in European journals. Here is one of the latest to come to our notice:

"A young priest, serving as a private, was in a dugout at the front, with a band of soldiers. A bomb, falling near the entrance, exploded, sending its fragments inside and mortally wounding everyone of them. The priest, with both legs shattered made his way about the smoke-filled cave, and administered the last rites of the church to every man in there before he himself died,—just as the stretcher-bearers came to drag the victims out."

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**ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER**

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Such was a boy's reply to his playmates who were trying to tempt him to do something wrong.

"But you needn't tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself and I would feel very mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you weren't a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing!"

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never, so long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

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**THE COMPANY'S ROSARY**

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"We urge the men to say the Rosary, especially during our Lady's month; and the boys respond heartily to our appeal. Indeed a hundred or more of the most devout in our section, after the chaplain has said the rosary and given a little instruction, ending with Benediction, gather together before our Lady's altar and say another rosary for themselves,—often adding the Litany of Loretto to their devotions. One sergeant has done a great work and this is how he speaks of it:

"I understand, Father, what you have explained about the rosary,



and the Joyful, Sorrowful and Glorious Mysteries. I wish I could say the whole rosary every day; but I don't find time for all the mysteries,—our day is so cut up; and when night comes, one is too sleepy to pray. So this is what I thought of. I knew that between my section and the next, there were fifteen men who would be glad to say a decade of the rosary daily: and in that way you see, the whole rosary would be said.'

"'But what about the mysteries,' I asked."

"'I wrote them out on fifteen bits of paper,' he replied, 'and I gave one to each of the fellows: There's your password, I said to them, what ever the mystery might be,—you've got to remember it, and think about it, and make your resolution like the chaplain told us. And when I come across any of the fifteen I just say to them: Don't forget the password! The others don't understand what we are talking about; but we know ourselves; and sometimes they answer me: All right! I remember! Or again: I forgot; but I won't forget again! You see it's the only way to make sure that the whole rosary is said; and like this, it's the Company's rosary.'"

Gregory Ardaut, Chaplain. *Ave Maria.*

### LOVE MAKES THE STITCHES

She was a little Austrian woman and she was crossing the ocean on a great hostile liner. Most of the women were the wives of Englishmen, and they could not forget that her country was at war with their own land. They ignored her and she was left much to herself. And yet —

One morning, as she was walking up and down the deck on her solitary way, she passed the steamer chair of a middle-aged English woman who was knitting at a gray woolen sock. And suddenly she paused in her walk and held out both of her hands.

"Oh," she cried in very good English, "will you not let me knit a few rows on that sock?"

The Englishwoman looked up and her face was cold and rather hard.

"I think," she said, "that you would hardly want to knit on this sock. For it is going to an English colonel,—my husband."

The little Austrian woman looked at the colonel's lady; and there were tears in her eyes.

"Listen," she said, in a low shaking voice, "I myself have a son. He is an officer in the Austrian army. But if you knew my son, I do not think that you would hate him. If I knew the colonel, your husband, I do not think that I would hate him either." She paused for a moment before she went on, and then: "Now that the world is torn by war," she said, "we women must do what we can to keep a little love in it . . . May I perhaps, knit a few rows on the sock?"

Silently, but with tears in her eyes, the Englishwoman handed over the gray wool.

—*The Christian Herald.*

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### SHE WOULDN'T QUARREL

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One of the stenographers in a certain large office was distinguished by her charming manners, which were always those of the drawing room, and by her sweet womanliness and refinement. She sometimes spoke wonderingly of the unfailing and chivalrous courtesy with which she was treated by her associates in the office, seeming scarcely to realize that she was receiving just what she gave, and that her attitude called out the best that was in them.

A comment made by the cashier to his assistant indicated the feeling with which she was regarded. The cashier, while unusually good-natured and pleasant, had times of irritability when he lost his temper easily and was apt to be sarcastic and disagreeable to those about him. Speaking to the stenographer, he said: "She is the only one in the office that I can't quarrel with."

She was so thoroughly the lady that he would no more have thought of quarreling with her than with the ladies he met in his own home or those of his friends.

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### A DISTINCT ADVANTAGE

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The following letter lately sent to the *Denver Catholic Register* by a Convert to the faith, contains a very timely lesson:  
Editor of Register:

I was somewhat impressed by the following question asked in your Question-box: "Isn't it true that the confession makes one careless of sinning?" Surely the questioner has a false idea of the confessional

so prevalent among non-Catholics. The confession was one of the things that led me into the Catholic Church. I believed in it without knowing the how and why, long before I made any study of the religion. In my work I found that there was something that held the Catholic girl, to which the Protestant girl had no recourse. These things I talked over with my friends, and we all agreed it must be the Confession. Think what must be the joy and happiness of converts when they come into the full realization of what a safeguard the Confession is against sin! The preparation for Holy Communion in the Catholic Church cannot be compared to any other church. Sometimes, I fear, there are many Catholics who never knew any other religion, who do not realize that the eyes of the world are upon them, and who grow careless at times toward these very sacred things.

—*A Convert.*

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### FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

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Comte Guy de Robien, a French commander, who died in the trenches, was a noble example of a truly Christian soldier. He entered the service when quite young, received his commission in 1877 and gave every promise of a distinguished career. But, despite his ability and his gift of leadership, promotion did not come. What was wrong? He soon found out. In the course of an interview with a government official, he was reproached for too openly manifesting his religion and by so doing, assuming an attitude incompatible with the republic he was serving. De Robien, however, interrupted the official and spoke these manly words:

"Pardon me, Monsieur, I am not serving the republic, I am serving France. And although I am a Frenchman I am first of all a Christian, and I would rather remain all my life an humble second lieutenant than sacrifice on the altar of the republic my Christian Faith. I glory in this Faith and no power on earth shall prevent me from displaying it like a standard. For me the banner of Christ is inseparable from the banner of France."

Impressed by the nobility of these words, the official refrained from mentioning in his report the fact that the son of Lieutenant de Robien was being educated at the Jesuit college of Feldkirch.

—*America.*

	<b>Pointed Paragraphs</b>	
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**HAIL COLUMBIA!**

Aren't we proud of them—those boys at the front! Of course we always had unshaken confidence in the manhood of America. We knew that if it ever came to the test, they would fight and die like heroes. This was not merely a hope or a belief, it was a conviction. But for all that, every time we read of their exploits at the front—their initiative, their accuracy, their dash, their daring, their endurance—a wild wave of exultation swells our hearts and threatens to burst them. And all the while we can honestly know that the feeling is not prompted by the love of conquest; it is not the base animal satisfaction of beating an antagonist. No; it is prompted by love for our boys and love for America. These boys of ours are making America's rights, America's just claims, sacred and inviolable for all time to come. We are not a warlike nation; we never will be, even though we be forced to send twenty million men to rally round the starry banner that we have planted on the battle front. We love to live in peace and harmony with the nations of the world, and our boys at the front are our pledge that for the future we shall do so. For us it has always been simply unthinkable that America should lie down tamely and submit to rank injustice from any power on earth—henceforth it will be unthinkable for the rest of the world as well. Now the world knows that Americans can fight and that they will fight rather than submit to injustice; therefore the world will not attempt to inflict injustice upon America.

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**THE PROBLEM**

My problem is this: How can I believe the word of the priest when my own experience clearly contradicts it? Take for instance the case of a habit of sin. The priest says to me: Receive the sacraments often, and you will surely overcome it. Well, I did receive the sacraments often—just as often as he advised me—but I still commit the sin as frequently as ever.

Your problem is easy to solve. The priest did not mean that any kind of frequent reception of the sacraments would cure you—he

meant a *worthy* reception. Your Communion was not worthy unless it was preceded by a worthy Confession. Your Confession was not worthy unless you had a firm purpose, by the help of God's grace, never to commit that mortal sin again. You did not have this firm purpose unless you were determined to use the means, both natural and supernatural, necessary to insure against a relapse.

The devil says to you: You have received the sacraments frequently and you were not cured; give them up. God's minister says to you: Receive the sacraments frequently with a firm and honest determination to avoid sin and to use the means necessary thereto, and you will surely be cured. Which will you follow? That is your only real problem.

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### IT'S NOT THE PLACE; IT'S THE MAN

What are the effects of camp life upon the Catholic Boys? Deleterious! is the answer from one regiment. Most beneficial! is the verdict from another.

All of which goes to confirm the time honored doctrine: It's not the place; it's the man. If he had a Christian home and a Catholic education; if he has a level head and a real backbone, he will live up to his religion no matter where you put him; but give him a worldly home, a pagan education, and weak knees, and he will be a slacker even if he lives in a community of saints.

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### "SPEEDING UP"

Down they go, the men of big affairs; it is a sudden stroke that carries them off or a complete breakdown that leaves them helpless invalids for the rest of their life. The day laborers fare little better, but their lot is all the more pitiable as they leave dependent families without means of support. So too with the girls in office or factory—a few years of employment leaves them nervous wrecks, unfitted to marry and build up happy Christian homes.

In every case the blame is laid to "overwork". And yet scarcely one of them does more work, most of them do less work, than the men and women of other generations that scarcely knew the name of a nervous breakdown. The blame is chargeable less to the amount of work than to the feverish haste with which it is performed. The business man feverishly dictating answers to a sheaf of important

letters, never thinks of entering his office until the best hours of the morning have passed. The laborer who struggles and pants to keep pace with the whirring machinery has insisted on ever shorter hours and higher pay until his employer must "speed up" to the utmost limit or be forced into bankruptcy. The immature woman who bolts her coffee, forces her way breathless into an overcrowded car, risks her life amid speeding vehicles, and is shot up the —th story just three seconds before the clock strikes, was out half the night and then had to lie abed to snatch a little much needed sleep long after she should have been up quietly preparing for her day's toil.

God put just twenty-four hours into each day. All our modern ingenuity is powerless to change it. Let us make a conscientious use of each hour as it comes, wasting no precious minute in useless self-indulgence; then shall we be able to perform all our duties without that feverish haste that kills twenty to the one that is killed by overwork.

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### BACK THEM UP

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It matters not how many Liberty Bonds you have bought, how many Liberty Bandages you have rolled, how many Liberty Socks you have knitted; if you are not seen more frequently than usual assisting at week day Masses, kneeling at the Holy Table, praying before the silent Tabernacle, you are not doing your share in backing up the boys in the trenches. They are rendered comfortable by the socks you knit for them, but they are made heroes by the prayers you offer to God in their behalf.

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### SEEDING TIME

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For some of you fathers and mothers it is nearly seeding time. What do you figure on sowing? Sow tears, and you may count on a bumper crop; sow joys, and with careful cultivation, you should reap the proverbial thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold. Mabel, you know, and Alexander, will be ready for college next September. The question of the hour is: What college? You might send them to a non-Catholic college—to be down-to-date, you know, or to gain prestige, or to insure a good business opening after college—Oh, if you set out to look for excuses, you can find them. And so we say you might send Mabel and Alexander to a non-Catholic college; some of our "best" Catholics



do that, you know, and you might do the same:—That would be sowing tears. On the other hand, you could send Mabel and Alexander to a Catholic college—you know you could!—That would be sowing joys.

We all know what you expect to reap. You expect to reap joys, don't you? But what are you going to sow? Down on the farm, they lock one up in the crazy house if he sows string beans and expects to reap crab apples.

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### "WHAT EVIL HAVE I DONE?"

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Some members of the devout female sex—yes, even shining lights in the "Sodality", if you please—have grown passing wise in their own conceits. Scripture speaks of wicked creatures who, after committing a horrible crime, wipe their lips and say, "What evil have I done?" But they were only criminals of the deepest dye; nowadays some of our "Children of Mary", after parading streets and depot platforms in lewd apparel or taking part in a shameless dance or hanging around until all hours with a strange man, wipe their lips when reprimanded by those that have authority over them and say: "What evil have I done?"

My child, shame on you for asking such a question. Christian Modesty forbids that any one should tell you what evil you have done. Is not the lily of chastity of sufficient worth that you should be glad to preserve its delicate whiteness from all danger? You sully it even by seeking an explanation of the danger. Pure Christian maidens humbly and simply acquiesce in the directions of parents and pastor without brazenly asking: "What evil have I done?"

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### OVER THE TOP

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The orders have been given. Every detail of the attack has been planned and practiced. Each soldier knows his part. In the grey dawn of the morrow, just so many minutes from "zero", they are to go over the top,—God alone knows for how many it may mean to go into eternity. They wrap themselves in their blankets to catch a few hours sleep. 'Tis a solemn moment for your soldier boy as he lies there thinking—thinking of his home, of his mother, and of "you".

Ah, his thoughts of you! How do they affect him as he lies there on the verge of eternity? Does your loved image stand out before him

like that of an angel of purity appealing to all that is noble and clean and manly in his nature? Does it inspire him to prayer—now when prayer is of supreme importance—and acts of the love of God and resignation to the divine will? Or does the thought of you recall countless acts of sensual indulgence and sinful lust committed in your company? Is he left in the unhappy alternative of banishing all remembrance of you from his mind or else of allowing his soul to be sullied with the mortal guilt of unchaste desire a few short hours before it must appear in the presence of its eternal Judge? If your soldier boy falls in battle, will he rise up on the last great day to bless you or to accuse you?

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### KNOW YOUR PLACE

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It is related in Holy Writ that when the Boy Jesus was lost, Mary and Joseph "found Him in the temple sitting in the midst of the Doctors, hearing them and asking them questions". Jesus was God; He possessed all wisdom, human and divine. He needed not that any man should teach Him. But he sat there among the teachers of Israel, hearing them and asking them questions in order that His divine example might serve as a guide to the young—to Christian boys and girls, young men and young women. They should not spend all their time in frivolous conversation with others like themselves; they should have enough self-control and self-sacrifice to sit among those capable of teaching them Christian morals and Christian conduct. Above all they should have enough humility to know their place, to show respect for their elders—not loudly heralding their half-baked ideas of the world, but, with charming youthful deference and modesty, *hearing them and asking them questions.*

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### FOR OUR BOYS

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We have our Service Flags hanging near the altar, in full view, perhaps, during all the sacred services. The stars are, as it were, the pledge of their fidelity to God and country, their hearts still present in the sanctuary where they so often knelt and they should be to us constant reminders of our duty to pray for them.

In many dioceses the following prayers are said every day after Mass: •

## BEFORE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

O Most Sweet Jesus, here present in the Blessed Sacrament of Thy love, who, by Thy bitter Passion endured for men, didst take away the sting of death, grant rest and light eternal to those who have died in battle or through sickness in this war. Receive their souls into Thy holy keeping, where there is no longer pain, nor sorrow, nor sighing. Place, O Lord, Thy Passion between Thy Judgment and their souls, and through the intercession of Thy Most Holy Mother Mary, grant unto them light and life eternal. Amen.

## TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

O Holy Mary, Mother of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we commend to thy maternal care those of our loved ones who are now midst the perils and dangers of war in the service of our country. Protect them, O Holy Mother, from all harm, and bring them back in peace and safety to their loved ones. And if, O Gracious Lady, they must return no more, obtain for them through thy intercession the precious gift of a happy and holy death. Amen.

Approved October 1st, 1917.

(Signed) MICHAEL J. CURLEY,  
*Bishop of St. Augustine.*

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COMMON SENSE

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While many of titled and labelled learned Professors, and men of money, like Rockefeller, prate about the glorious religion of the future—without doctrines, without laws, without visible form, the editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer gives us a common-sense view of the matter.

"Unless a man's feelings in the religious realm are as vague, obscure, and muddy as to be inoperative and impotent, they will crystallize into a verbal form and the form will be his creed. . . . When it becomes utterly formless it will certainly have ceased to exist.

"When men succeed in making formless houses and ships, and bridges and automobiles and flying machines, they will be able, perhaps, to cherish formless thoughts, nourish religious ideas that refuse to be articulated in definite articles of faith.

"If the war produces governments without constitutions; treaties of peace without terms; business without rules; acts without principles, and science without laws, it may, perhaps, develop a religion without a creed."

<div style="border-top: 3px double black; border-bottom: 3px double black; height: 1.2em; margin: 0 auto; width: 80%;"></div>	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Catholic Events</h2>	<div style="border-top: 3px double black; border-bottom: 3px double black; height: 1.2em; margin: 0 auto; width: 80%;"></div>
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The United States' Senate on July 5th passed a resolution requesting the President to issue a proclamation calling on the people to observe noon prayer during the war. It now goes to the House.

Senator Phelan of California read a letter from Secretary Tumulty which said the President regarded the noon prayer as a beautiful idea.

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The American Cardinals some time later sent out an appeal to all the Catholics of the United States. The appeal was entitled "Fight and pray". We quote from it: "Animated by undaunted spirit, let the whole nation turn to God in prayer, while our army courageously confronts the foe in battle. While we utilize every possible source of material power, let us fortify it all by the greatest of all spiritual powers—prayer. . . . Let us moreover each day until the peace for which we fight crown our efforts, say daily three times, in the morning at rising, at noon and in the evening, the Angelus, for the guidance of our rulers, the success of our arms, the unity of nations and the welfare of heroes".

\* \* \*

The Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P., until six years ago Superior General of the Paulists, died Sunday, July 7th, at New York. He was one of the most distinguished astronomers in the country, being the first to calculate the appearance of Halley's comet.

\* \* \*

Cardinal Sebastian Martinelli, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rights, and former Papal Delegate to the United States, died in Rome, Friday, July 5th. He was Delegate to the United States in succession to Cardinal Satolli, from 1896 to 1901.

\* \* \*

Impressive ceremonies were held in the Convent of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, New York City to celebrate the departure of ten nuns for the far East missions. One is going to Japan, six to China, three to Ceylon, India. Two have been assigned to a leper settlement in China.

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The number of Catholic young men of the Archdiocese of Boston who have enlisted or been drafted for service in the army or navy to date is 32,145.

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Most Rev. J. B. Pitaval, since January 3, 1909, Archbishop of Santa Fe, New Mexico, has received official notice that his resignation has been accepted by the Holy See. He may return to his native Spain when a successor shall have been appointed.

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There are nearly three million Catholics in India under the direction of 22 Bishops and 200 priests. There are more native clergy than foreign missionaries.

Sixteen converts, including seven negroes and Chinese, were received into the true Faith on June 24, at the Eastern State penitentiary at Philadelphia, by Rev. M. J. O'Shea, S. J. The Chinese became a Catholic through the example of his cell mates.

An English judge named Eve, recently decided in Ireland that bequests left for Masses and to members of religious orders were invalid, as being given to "unauthorized persons for superstitious practices". The next of kin had disputed the bequests, and the judge said that the law had been settled in 1829, and if any change were needed it must be made by the House of Lords.

According to a report of a private nature, there have been ninety thousand conversions to the Faith during the war.

Many papers of late glorified that gallant soldier, General Carton di Wiart, whose name appears in the latest casualty list, and who has been wounded for the thirteenth time. In giving his splendid record in the Boer war, in the Somaliland, and in the present struggle in which he has lost both a hand and an eye, they withhold one detail:—that General Carton di Wiart is a fervent Catholic.

The Catholics form nearly forty per cent of all the church members in the United States. And while there are less than 219 people to every minister, there is but one priest to every 776 people. Who are the priest ridden?

Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis addresses a bit of serious advice and admonition to vacationists. It may be summed up in these words: "Don't go beyond the sound of the Mass bell—that is, see that you are able to get to Mass every Sunday. Now that our boys in khaki are showing so noble an example and endangering their lives let us aid them by doing our religious duty, and valuing the spiritual assets of our religion.

It is reported that Alaska has a native Catholic population of 115,000, all of whom are converts or descendants of converts. Christianity was introduced into that country by traders from Russia one hundred years ago. It was the Greek schismatic Church. But Catholic missionaries made their appearance and conversions followed. The Jesuits have been most active: they have 22 priests and 10 lay-brothers at work there.

This week 500 members of the Parish of Our Lady of Lourdes in New York, asked the Postmaster General to exclude from the mails the anti-Catholic paper, "the Good Citizen".

In the center of Honolulu is the great College of St. Louis, in charge of the Brothers of Mary, from Dayton, Ohio. The college has 900 students.

The Manufacturers' Association for Welfare Work of Lawrence, Mass., has made a donation to the diocese of \$50,000 to be appropriated for the completion of the Holy Rosary parish school of Lawrence.

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The effects of the Holy Father's successful negotiations for the exchange of prisoners are still being made evident. The fifteen exchange of prisoners between Italy and Austria took place recently when 34 officers and 263 privates arrived at Como from Austria and 290 Austrians departed from Italy. On May 8 the Swiss Red Cross transferred to Como 320 Italian soldiers, among them many officers. The Holy See denounces the action of those speculators who deceive the relatives of the missing and the wounded, and demand money under the pretence of interesting the Pope, and of obtaining information concerning prisoners, and of securing their return to their native land. Many letters have arrived at the Vatican exposing the infamous traffic. As a consequence the Holy Father announces that his efforts in behalf of the prisoners and the wounded are charitable in the complete sense of the word, and that no compensation whatever is expected for what he does. Those who offer for a price to enlist his favor are frauds indulging in a despicable form of deceit with which the Holy See has no part and against which the solemn warning, already given, is once more repeated.

\* \* \*

On Friday night, June 7, a raid was made on the Canadian Jesuit novitiate at Guelph, Ontario, by a Deputy Provost Marshal with an armed force under the pretext that the institution was a shelter for defaulters under the Canadian Military Service Act. In addition to the police who had entered the building a force of deputies, some of them armed, were outside, and a cordon was formed around the house. Three members of the community, among them the nineteen year old son of Hon. C. J. Doherty, Minister of Justice, were placed under arrest and told to get ready to proceed to the barracks. After the raid the Rector, Father Bourcue, sent an emphatic letter of protest to General Newburn, Minister of Militia, against the conduct of the Deputy Provost Marshal. The Minister of Militia wrote a reply expressing his regret at the action of the Deputy, saying: "If the facts are as stated, which I do not doubt, the error in judgment committed by this officer will be dealt with in a proper way".

\* \* \*

Recently announcement was made that thirteen more Philadelphia priests have applied to the War Department and offered their services as Chaplains to minister to the brave lads fighting on land and sea under Old Glory.

\* \* \*

All the Catholic papers of Rome contained congratulations on the occasion of the double anniversary which Cardinal Gibbons lately celebrated—the 57th of his priesthood and the 32nd of his Cardinalate. On the 16th of August he will be able to celebrate the golden jubilee of his episcopate.



	<b>The Liguorian Question Box</b>	
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(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

*"Why did God preserve the Infant Jesus from the hands of Herod but not the babes of Bethlehem?"*

This is a question of divine Providence. We cannot search the divine mind; knowing God to be all wise as well as all good we can only say: there must be depths of wisdom and goodness unfathomed in this event. But looking at it from a human standpoint, we can find many evidences of divine mercy and love. A miraculous intervention was necessary. Now God is not required to work miracles for all, and generally works them only when special reasons call for them. In this case the purpose of Our Lord's coming called for the prolongation of the Infant Saviour's life; but not for that of the babes of Bethlehem; on the contrary much good would be drawn from the permission of their death: to show the cruelty of the world un-governed by Christ, to fulfil a prophecy, to bring upon the children the glory of martyrdom, to prepare these mothers by trial for the reception of the Gospel, and so on. Who can tell what compensation God made to them and perhaps is making to them in heaven? Perhaps some of these mothers merited to be among the first followers of Christ.

*"Father, I am hard of hearing and therefore, whenever I come to confession the priest tries in vain for awhile to speak to me and then ends up by saying in a loud voice: Say three Our Fathers and Hail Marys. What shall I do?"*

In this way you are always sent away without any instruction. It would be advisable to tell the priest of your difficulty before beginning your confession and probably he will take you to the sacristy or some other convenient place, where he can speak in a loud voice, without betraying the seal of confession.

*"Is it advisable not to have a steady confessor?"*

No, it is not advisable not to have a steady confessor. If you go regularly, every week or so, to confession you might go to another confessor now and then.

*"Why are Saints represented with a circle of lights around their heads?"*

The circular crown of light on pictures of the Church appears in various forms. According to a rule laid down by Benedict XIV, this light in the form of a disc or round shield, otherwise called nimbus, is the special mark of a canonized Saint; while the simple golden circle, called aureola, is the appropriate mark of the Blessed. This is bound up with the words which Holy Writ puts in the mouth of the Saints, saying: "Thou hast crowned us with the shield of honor." By these words they express, that they have become partakers of the light of glory and that they know themselves safe under the shield of God's protection.

However, in most cases artists did not faithfully adhere to the distinction between Saints and Blessed ones; only few of the more conscientious workers, as for instance, Fra Angelico, did so.

*"Do devils tempt men to sin? Are not our evil tendencies and passions enough to account for our falls?"*

Yes, they certainly are and we might not even dream that invisible powers beset us trying to mislead us, did we not have the Word of God to assure us. But, time and again Holy Scripture speaks of the fatal snares of the tempting demon. St. Peter sums it up so picturesquely: "The devil goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." This does not mean that every temptation that assails us is due to the immediate influence of Satan.

*"What devotion should I practice for my brother who is in the trenches?"*

Daily Mass, if possible; frequent devout Communion; Rosary, or part of it; visit to Blessed Sacrament for a few moments before or after work; the Angelus or some prayer when the Angelus rings. The best accompaniment for any of these devotions is to try to fulfil your duties as well and with as pure an intention as possible. It is very good to offer for him also the patient bearing of your daily difficulties or your daily efforts to overcome some bad habit. If you wish to

spend an hour every week before the Blessed Sacrament for him, you will find a helpful booklet recommended in the Book Reviews.

*"Someone told me that in every altar there must be relics of the saints: is that true? and why?"*

We must remember that in the early Church the Most Holy Sacrifice was celebrated in the Catacombs on the graves of the martyrs. This venerable usage has been made a law of church-ritual, prescribing that every altar-stone, on which the Holy Sacrifice is offered, shall contain a receptacle enclosing relics of the Saints. This is mentioned in the formula of consecration of the altar, in which the Bishop says: "Under the altar you have found your resting place, ye of God."

*"What do you mean by the Assumption?"*

By the Assumption—the name of a Holiday of Obligation celebrated on the 15th of August, we mean the resurrection of the body of the Blessed Virgin from the grave by divine power and its reunion with the soul and taking up into the joys of heaven.

*"Is it a dogma of Faith?"*

It is not yet defined; but practically the whole Catholic world considers it a doctrine of Faith; and just at present, many Bishops and theologians are urging the opportune-ness of the definition.

*"Are we obliged to pray to the Saints?"*

No, there is no obligation to invoke the saints expressly; but anyone who would refuse to do so, as if such invocation were useless or even puerile would show that he is not filled with the spirit of the Church; on the contrary he is dangerously near a denial of something which Catholic sense has professed since the beginning of the Church. If the difficulty is due to a personal whim, a little reflection and especially practice, even true prayer to Our Lord will gradually lead to the right kind of devotion to the saints.

*"What do we mean by supernatural merit?"*

The employee who labors all day laying bricks, for instance, for every brick he lays has a claim on a remuneration equal, in some ways to the time, exertion and skill employed, and to the beneficial value of results shown. Since all these are in the material line—the remuneration is in the material line also. He can claim so much

money and the right to be acknowledged a good workman. This claim is natural merit—because the remuneration is natural. Now if there are works whose performance can claim as just remuneration either new graces from God, or the joys of heaven, these remunerations being supernatural goods, the merit is called supernatural.

*"How can we acquire supernatural merit?"*

In general, by all our good works.

*"Are prayer and reception of sacraments the only good works?"*

Certainly not. These are good in themselves; other actions are indifferent in themselves,—for instance walking, sewing, sweeping, working, eating. Now all these actions, whatever we do, so long as we do it in the right manner, time and place, will be good and meritorious if we perform them (1) in the state of grace and (2) with a good intention renewed sufficiently often. Hence we make the good intention each morning and renew it by way of ejaculatory prayer frequently during the day.

*"On the vestment which the priest wears at Mass I saw the image of a pelican. Why is this used?"*

The pelican is a bird that in the old legends is said to open its breast to sprinkle its young with its blood that thereby they may be brought back to life. In the symbolic language of ecclesiastical art, therefore, it became since the earliest times the image of Christ, our Saviour, who by His bitter Passion and death, so to say, sprinkled our souls with His Blood to cleanse them from sin and restore the life of grace. According to another version of the old legend, the pelican fed its young with its own blood and in consequence, we have an image of Holy Communion.

*"Is it wrong to go to fortune-tellers and the like if you go just for fun?"*

Yes; you encourage them in sin and deception; you scandalize others and perhaps lead them to do the same; you waste money that might be used far more beneficially; you gradually grow to be serious about it and run the risk of becoming really superstitious. Don't play with fire.

*"Who is the patron of Catholic soldiers?"*

There are many soldier Saints: Sts. George, Maurice, Sebastian, Florian, Longinus, Placidus, Martin, Theodore, etc.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Some Good Books</h2>	
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*The Spanish Pioneers.* By Chas. F. Lummis, Seventh Edition. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. A scholarly, scientific and comprehensive presentation of the early deeds of Spanish valor in this the new world. It is a just and glowing tribute to the nation whose chivalrous sons opened so romantic and gallant a chapter in the world's history.

The "Spanish Pioneers", we believe is a book with a purpose. To break down prejudice, to unmask error, to bring the truth to light, to give honor where honor is due—such are the noble motives which occasioned this excellent work. It is not professedly a history but a popular "guide-board to the true point of view". Mr. Lummis, a graduate of Harvard University and a Puritan of several generations, belongs to the New School of American History and his pioneering in this line will be deeply appreciated by every one "who admires heroism and loves fair play".

Every American, worthy of the name, is interested in the truth about his own country; every Child of the Church longs to see justice done to those who in defense of the Faith crimsoned American soil with their very life's blood; every K. of C. loves to read the true story of his knighted patron and recount the glory which filled his life to overflowing—and to all these Mr. Lummis' admirable work is of incalculable worth. Its historic accuracy, its graphic description, its thrilling interest entitle the "Spanish Pioneers" to meet with a hearty welcome at the hands of every manly American.

*Prayers during War time for the Safe Return of our Soldiers and Sailors and for Victory to our Cause.* St. Mary's Pamphlet Book-Rack, West 30th St. and Carroll Ave., Cleveland, O. 5c per copy, \$3.50 per hundred.

Every Friday evening public devotions are held at St. Mary's Church, Cleveland, O., for the safe return of our soldiers and sailors and for victory to our cause. The prayers said and hymns sung at these services have now been published in neat pamphlet form with some beautiful and inspiring pic-

tures. If anyone wishes to spend an hour before the Blessed Sacrament in a way that will be of benefit to our boys in khaki and blue, and to our Flag and Country as well, let him send for this little pamphlet. He will find in it most practical, most devotional, most beautiful prayers, that will call down heaven's protection on the loved ones "over there", and at the same time fill his own soul with love of God and Mary, and with trust in the help of heaven.

It may also prove a valuable suggestion to pastors who may be seeking for some guidance as to what devotions to set afoot in this sad hour of the world's war. Here are devotions that have "worked".

*Anecdote-Sermonettes.* By Rev. F. A. Reuter. John Murphy Co. 75c.

It is difficult to multiply too much the number of books for the young or books which will aid in imparting to the young the truths of the Divine Master, in a manner befitting their capabilities. This little volume is a series of little stories with a truth drawn from them, or rather nine little sermons grouped about stories which instruct while they captivate. Those interested in the education of the young will welcome Father Reuter's book.

*Community Civics.* By R. O. Hughes. Allen and Bacon, Boston.

There is a great deal of talk and, undoubtedly of action at the present time on democracy. Democracy to be beneficial at all, presumes an intelligent public. The aim of the author is to get pupils to think for themselves instead of being the dupes of every demagogue who mounts a soap-box and waves the Stars and Stripes. The author is correct in claiming that school children of today are the citizens of tomorrow, and that democracy will be safe in their hands only if those citizens think seriously and intelligently and act on their convictions. Besides learning this fundamental principle, we recommend also that our Catholic children be taught the civilizing influences of their Catholic principles, and be taught also how to apply these principles to the vital questions of life.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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"Now, girls," said the teacher, "can you tell me why the great man was buried in Westminster Abbey?"

There was a long silence.

At last a girl put up her hand. "Because," she answered, solemnly and impressively, "he was dead."

The weather was warm, and Pat decided to shave on the back porch. Mrs. Casey, across the way, observed this. "Pat," she called, "shure an' Oi see ye air shavin' outside." "Begorra," he responded, "an' did ye think Oi was fur-lined?"

Two recruits at Fort Logan were discussing religious questions. One accused the other of not knowing the Lord's prayer, whereupon the one accused bet \$5 he could repeat it. The bet was taken and he proceeded: "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep." "You win," cried the first recruit, **take the five.** I never thought you knew it."

The reading class was in session and the word "furlough" occurred. Miss Jones, the teacher, asked if any little girl or boy knew the meaning of the word.

One small hand was raised.

"Furlough means a mule," said the little girl. "I have a book at home that says so."

Miss Jones told the child to bring the book to school. The next morning the child came armed with a book and showed a picture of a soldier riding a mule, under which was caption: "Going home on his furlough."

Ship's Officer: Oh, there goes eight bells; excuse me, it's my watch below.  
Old Lady: Gracious! Fancy your watch striking as loud as that!

A breeder of fine horses, once saw the following advertisement in a farm paper:

"For five dollars we will tell you how to cure horses of slobbering."

He sent in the five dollars and a few days later received the following information:

"Teach them to spit."

Freddie: "Are you the trained nurse mamma said was coming?"

Nurse: "Yes, dear, I'm the trained nurse."

Freddie: "Let's see some of your tricks then!"

"Do you believe in heredity?"

"Yes," said the school teacher. "There's a little boy in my class who has to return home every day for his books, pencils and pens. His father's a plumber."

A boy reaches far across the table and helps himself to butter.

Father—What did you do that for? Haven't you a tongue?

Son—Yes, sir, but my tongue isn't as long as my arm.

"It is wrong to write jokes about the French soldiers' trousers," said a young lady. "They are red and flamboyant, but they cover as brave and tender hearts as ever beat."

Dentist: Open wider, please—wider.

Patient: A—A—A—Ah.

Dentist (inserting rubber, gag, towel, and sponge): How's your family?

Friend—"Your wife seems to have a remarkable constitution."

Meek—"She has and you should see her by-laws, rules and regulations."

"Papa," said the sweet girl graduate, "wasn't my commencement gown a whooperino? I had the other girls skinned alive!"

"And this is the girl," said papa sadly, "whose graduating essay was 'An Appeal for Higher Standards of Thought and Expression.'"

Office Boy (on afternoon of game)

—If y-you pup-pup-pup-please, sir—  
Busy Boss—Oh, out with it! Don't take half a day.

Office Boy—But that's just what I was going to ask you if I could take, sir.

First Small Boy—We'd better be good.

Second Small Boy—Why?

First Small Boy—I heard doctor tell mother to take plenty of exercise!